Pacific School of Religion
Berkeley, Calif.

The Universalist Leader

Boston and Chicago

June 14, 1924

Another Generous Gift to the Headquarters Fund

Mr. Harold Marshall, Manager
Universalist Publishing House

Dear Sir:

I am returning to you the three building notes which I hold, as I feel that I do not especially need the interest on them. Some day you will receive $700.00 more to make $1,000.00.

From my earliest recollection there has always been a Universalist paper in my home. The *Leader* is a fine paper and I wish it success.

Sincerely yours,

_____ _____

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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Universalist Publishing House

HAROLD MARSHALL, MANAGER

176 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON

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Its opportunities for service are far greater than its resources.

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1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above princip'es be professed

Editorial

WHAT IS ON THE COVER PAGE

WE are not making any drive for funds for the *Leader* or for the other work of the Publishing House. We need an endowment of $250,000, and propose to get it, but do not intend to stand in the way of other pressing projects.

We stood aside at the time of the Million Dollar Drive and have shared in it. We stand aside again for the Washington Church, the Pension Fund, the Perin Cate Home.

But we consider it not only proper but our duty to print letters like that which appears on the cover to show that we have friends, that they sense the difficulties we face and realize the fundamental importance of our task.

One suggests to another. Scattered far and wide are people who believe in us and who have come to realize what they might do for us. Unexpected, unsolicited letters such as we publish from time to time show this conclusively.

In wills they place legacies for the work of the Publishing House. By direct contributions they help the endowment, and by these "Headquarters Notes" they safeguard their own future and make it certain that their wishes will be carried out when they pass on.

We say publicly to the writer of this letter, "You have builded better than you know."

* *

OUR UNIVERSALIST STORE

HOW many people know about our Universalist store? In the old days, it was a store like others, down town, carried on for profit, paying real dividends to stockholders. Now it has become largely the mail order department of our Publishing House.

But what it does is important for us.

It circulates each year half a million pieces of literature.

Some of it is books. Some is pamphlets.

Some of it is free. Some is paid for.

Some is our own. Some is from other publishing houses.

What we want to make clear is that this store can be of service to you by acting as your agent in the purchase of books—any books in any language published anywhere.

And you can help our store and our Publishing House and the *Leader* by giving to the store patronage which you now give to others.

Why not let our people make the trade profit on books as well as have it go to some one else?

If you can't give money to us for our free work you can help us make money.

The address is the Publishing House address.

The manager of the book room, as it is called, is Alvar W. Polk, who has been with the Publishing House longer than anybody connected with it, and who is still a comparatively young and an extraordinarily active and able man.

A new financial year is starting. Let us help him make a record for the store.

* *

DR. SHUTTER ON WAR

DR. SHUTTER writes well, and his article in this issue of the *Leader* is up to his highest standard. It will be read with interest by our people.

We print it because it is a real contribution, because of the representative character of the author, and because he approaches the subject from a different angle than other contributors.

Some phases of it, however, relate to a discussion which we want to see ended in the *Leader* because of our conviction that constructive work for peace is more important.

We see no reason for debating what we will do by and by. To us the question is what is the next step now. What Dr. Shutter fears, of course, is an attempt to commit our denomination to an endorsement of the views of non-resistants. We are with him emphatically in this. To say that we will have nothing to do with any future war commits us to action in advance of the facts. To some of us that is intellectual suicide. The answer of course is that the alternative is moral suicide. Not if our people are honest, fearless and open-minded.

When Dr. Shutter wrote his article the Methodists had not made their great declaration upon war.

We hope that Dr. Shutter can take his stand on that platform, since it leaves out the section he especially feared would be passed "declaring against all war."

Getting behind a program such as the Methodists give us, is the important thing to-day.

In doing it we shall not criticise the pacifists. We know too well the caliber of most of them, especially the Quakers. Few human beings have been more maligned. Instead of being cowards, they are among the bravest of the brave. Instead of being sentimentalists, they are among our intellectuals. They honestly believe that the way they take is the only way to end war. We don't agree with them, but the time has not come when we can ridicule any group of unselfish, intelligent people living up to the voice of conscience. We shall favor any resolution declaring for decent, courteous treatment of conscientious objectors. We shall not favor any resolution endorsing their views.

In working for the principles enunciated by the Methodists and by our own people at Providence we shall refuse to take any pledge not to fight in future wars, but we shall equally refuse to take a pledge that we will fight in future wars. It will depend on the war.

To Dr. Shutter's moving description of what we ought to do when our country calls and of defense of home, freedom, religion, defense of the weak, etc., we say amen with all our hearts. We believe the call to enter such a fight is the call of God. Just as positively we believe it to be the call of God to oppose to the uttermost a war such as some of the oil manipulators might have led us into with Mexico.

In our opinion our radicals and conservatives have a program before them which ought to fuse them into one great, praying, striving, toiling group.

There is no service of our beloved country greater than making her unselfish.

There is no call of patriotism higher than making her a leader for world peace.

* *

COLLEGES AND CHARACTER

TWO students, nineteen years of age, of unusual mental ability, each the youngest graduate of his college, supported by wealthy and influential parents, kill a boy of fourteen and pretend to be kidnappers.

We have just had in Maine the story of the subnormal. This appears to be the case of the supernormal.

In plain words it appears to be the case of intellectual development outstripping moral.

The boys claim to be atheists. Whatever the fact on this score, they are apparently lacking absolutely in old-fashioned morality.

There has been considerable agitation recently for the creation of chairs of "characterology" at colleges to implant moral ideals and give moral training along with intellectual.

J. Edgar Park recently put his finger on the weak spot in this program when he said the name would kill it and the object likewise, once it was advertised.

He said that every chair should be a chair for moral as well as intellectual training, that it should be a by-product of mathematics, philosophy and everything else.

Some colleges have been putting in chairs of biography, hoping to effect a contagion of influence, to impart life by a study of life.

The warning given by this Chicago tragedy is unmistakable. The college exists for something more than marks and degrees. The church school has a different object and end than the imparting of facts of Bible literature or facts about the geography of Palestine.

All the powers and talents of a man are the proper concern of education.

Happy is that institution which is free to launch out in an attempt to create character.

It must start by testing the all-around manhood and womanhood of the teachers it calls as well as their standing in some specialty. It must follow this up with some definite work the exact nature of which we do not pretend to say but of the need of which we are sure.

What the British often do in filling difficult jobs in education and in the civil service is at least worthy of looking into: Take some general all-around man and trust him to develop the specialty when the call comes. Once get it in our minds that this is a part of the college job and we can trust our high-grade college leaders to find the way.

* *

DR. NEWTON AT A NEW TASK

DR. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON has set his hand to a congenial task. The publishing house of Harcourt, Brace & Co. of New York have asked him to edit an annual volume to include the best sermons of the year. We don't know that he is Scotch, but we do know that he is one of our "best sermon tasters" as well as one of our most delightful writers. We hope that he will write a paragraph about each sermon telling why he included it. The paragraphs will be read anyway, and the sermons with one of his introductions probably also.

These sermons will come from all denominations. They will cover the vast field of preaching. With Dr. Newton to do the work, to select "living works of art of real appeal," these volumes year after year ought to drive home the truth that there is a deep unity which binds men of vision and courage together however they may state their faith intellectually. To reveal this unity, the object of this series of books, ought to be one main object of every truly liberal preacher.

We invite the attention of our readers to the announcement of "Best Sermons of 1923" to be found in another column.

* *

THAT WORLD EDITORIAL AGAIN

NOT all of the people who read the *New York World* editorial on Cecelia Cooney were as enthusiastic as the *Leader* in praising it.

"An inadequate wage scale is the real cause of the trouble," said "Fair Play" in a signed article. "It keeps the average toiler on the edge of poverty and forces the children out to work at an early age."

"It was the liquor business which made all the trouble," said a Babylon man, "and yet the *World* is against prohibition."

"Welfare work," wrote a New York City man, "is all wrong. It preserves low nervous organizations which reproduce rapidly and degrade the social

structure by numerical superiority. *Laissez faire* is the answer. Let them die. Give the higher nervous organizations which reproduce slowly a chance."

"The sob sister rhetoric is no good," wrote a doctor. "There is such a thing as sin for which the individual sinner is responsible—not society."

"A refreshing oasis of common sense in a wilderness of sentimental slush," wrote K. M. "It will arouse the public conscience to our duty to the unborn."

Which all means that the social problem is complex and that people differ widely in their views.

We have suspected something of this for some years, but since becoming an editor we have become positive in our convictions.

But if it is complex it is because all evils are correlated, and it is just as true that reform movements are correlated. We can not attack the problem of drink without helping solve the problem of the full dinner pail. Playgrounds are tied up with penology. Housing and public health movements act and react. Every good stroke in one field helps in a dozen fields.

The only heresy is *laissez faire*. We are not trying to make a race of perfect physical brutes. We are helping God create a race in His own image.

* *

THE C. O. P. E. C. REPORTS

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO. in New York have received from England the reports of the Conference on Christian Politics, Economics and Citizenship to which reference has been made in these columns. Printed in large type, they make light-weight paper-covered volumes of 170 to 250 pages, and are published to sell at 2 shillings per volume.

The titles of the twelve volumes are as follows: The Nature of God and His Purpose for the World, Education, The Home, The Relation of the Sexes, Leisure, The Treatment of Crime, International Relations, Christianity and War, Industry and Property, Politics and Citizenship, The Social Function of the Church, Historical Illustrations of the Social Effects of Christianity.

There is here available a body of material worked out by some of the ablest minds in England and worthy of our careful study.

People visiting Headquarters may consult the volumes belonging to the Editor.

These reports will be discussed throughout the coming year as a basis for the action of a larger international conference to be held at Stockholm, Sweden, in 1925, at which the Churches of the United States will be well represented.

* *

THE VOICES OF NATURE ARE CALLING US

OUT of the mouths of babes and sucklings come at times strange words of profound wisdom. We were told the other day of a child whose mother called to it to come indoors, but the child countered with the reply, "The sunshine is calling me," and when the mother called the second time, the child said, "The birds are calling me." That was a call that went back farther and came from greater distances than the mother's call, and if she were wise she would have recognized this fact and given the voices of nature an equal right in the life of her child.

The sunshine, the birds, and all of God's out-of-doors are calling us all and we should eagerly respond. It is good always, but especially at this season of the year, to get outdoors—out from the study, the office, the store, the mill, the factory, the mine, and even the home. Do you not hear the voices of Nature calling you? Or have you ceased to be childlike, and have the dull light and the noise of the indoor life blinded your eyes and deafened your ears to the wonders of the world? Or do you hear the voices calling you, but are obliged to obey the voice of mother, or duty, or work, and reluctantly go indoors? If so, you have our sympathy. Great is the privilege to hear and respond to the voices of Nature calling us.

When we leave the city and go into the country, the first thing we are impressed with is its strange and wonderful stillness. The still small voices are heard, but not the harsh, clanging, cacophonous noises of the man-made world. The relief is great to the ears, the nerves and the mind in getting away from the din and noise of the electric cars, the whistles of trains and factories, and, worst noise of all, the croaking horns of automobiles. In contrast how soothing and healing are the sounds of Nature, such as the whispering of the pines, the babbling of the brooks, the singing of birds, the surging of the ocean. How good it is to be lulled to sleep by the babbling of the brook and to be awakened at the rising of the sun by the song of birds whose liquid notes fall from far off tree-tops with thrilling effect.

Another thing that deeply impresses us is the spacious distances. What a relief it is to escape from our cabined and cribbed indoor world into God's out-of-doors. Here we can look about us, far from us, high above us, but in the city our vision bumps against walls and buildings and roofs, and our very eyes are affected and we tend to develop short-sightedness, and our minds tend to be crushed into small spaces, imprisoned in cages of our own making. How good it is for the eyes to find unobstructed spaces to roam in, and travel through; to look over far undulating plains; to follow the beckoning of successive mountain peaks; to watch the scudding clouds hurry by driven by the shepherd winds; to gaze up into the deep depths of the sky at night and wing our way breathlessly through the infinite realms in companionship with the singing stars. The voices of God's infinite spaces are calling us.

In the country we also hear of living things. In the city, we live largely amongst dead things and man-made things. No wonder the materialists in philosophy and in morals are to be found amongst city folk. They deal so much with dead stuff and material things, and their minds are dyed thereby. But in the country we are everywhere in touch with vital realities. Life faces us everywhere, in the grass of the fields, the plants in the garden, the trees of the forest, the cattle in the pasture, the birds in the air. It is hard to be materialists in the presence of such phenomena. It is easy to be "vitalists," not simply of the organic, but of the spiritual sort. The Voice of the Lord of Life is calling us.

D. E.

Cruising Around These United States

XXV Down East for a Few Hours

John van Schaick, Jr.

WHEN one is in Boston, it is not hard to get to Maine, "the playground of the nation." That mecca of sportsmen and campers, of which people hundreds of miles away dream fondly all winter, used to be a part of Massachusetts and is only two or three hours away from Boston by fast train.

Invited to preach on "Memorial Sunday," I had to prepare a new sermon, which is always far easier than attempting to blow the breath of life into an old one. It is just as well also for some of us high-geared people to get into positions where we are "too busy to worry." The two times in years past when I have spoken in Congress Square Church at Conventions, it looked as big to me as St. Peter's at Rome, my head swam, my voice choked, there was not one instant of poise—nothing but deadly fear. I can't say "Thank God, that is all over," but I can say that to-day Congress Square looks friendly to me rather than formidable, and reverent and beautiful rather than terrifying.

To how many of us born far away, Maine has a friendly sound. It is associated with such loyal friends who have lived with us in places distant from it. It means such rest, joy, complete change, to those of us who take vacation trips there.

I'll never forget happy days at Rangeley, or the Sandy River Ponds, or visits to Senator Frye's old camp on Mooselocmeguntic, or trips to Moosehead or up the Songo, or repeated visits to Bucksport on the Penobscot, or a never-to-be-forgotten journey along the coast on a perfect day to Bar Harbor, or the friendly farm on a lake at Pittsfield, or Newport pond where Shinn and Coons and I ran races years ago, or Bangor, Bath, Augusta, Auburn, and Portland, so entirely different from one another, or Paris Hill and the fine old home of Governor Perham, or the camping trips of recent years to Nicatous Lake, way, way down east, where if you go any farther you will soon land in Canada.

They are a friendly folk. I was amused as I went down the platform at the North Station to have the big Pullman conductor and the porter greet me like an old friend. Nor was I the exception. As passengers arrived I stood outside watching. The porter ran half way up the platform to meet them. Suitcases, packages of soft crabs, strawberries and new hats were turned over to him with perfect confidence. The Pullman conductor called most of the passengers by name. I discovered that the 5 p. m. was more than a train, it was an institution. It was an Old Home Week, or at least it was the old home special for the Portland folks who had spent the day in Boston.

I didn't want to be an eavesdropper, but I hold that the big bluff voice of a conductor booming up and down the platform or through the car absolves us if we are inclined to feel guilty for listening.

I learned about the lady who had come from Los Angeles and who couldn't wait for the train she ought to have taken for some point "way beyond Portland." I learned about Jim Boothby's tastes—only that wasn't his real name.

Mrs. Boothby was in her seat ahead of her husband and explained to the conductor that Jim had stopped at the market. "Where did he have lunch?" said the conductor. "Oh, at Thompson's Spa," said Mrs. B. Just then Jim appeared. "So you ate at Thompson's Spa, did you?" said the conductor. "Yes," said Jim. "I suppose you had three or four baked potatoes, a big piece of steak, a lot of pastry and fixings," said the conductor again. "That I didn't," said Jim. "I ate a dropped egg on toast; with eggs 45 cents apiece a man has to go slow." "But he ate a good supper last night," broke in his wife. "He can do it," said the conductor with emphasis. "Yes," said Jim with more feeling. "I had some fried clams, a lot of them, a big plate of doughnuts, a little cold pork and coffee."

The conductor acted almost as if he could taste the clams and doughnuts, so complete and perfect was his understanding and sympathy.

Not to boom the eating of cold pork, clams and doughnuts at night, not to advertise the B. & M. R. R., which has had some hard times in recent years, not to immortalize "Jim," whose name I'll never know, but to deepen our faith in human nature, do I relate these trifling, trivial details.

It is not like a cold heartless New York subway on the 5 p. m. B. & M. bound for Maine.

There is time for natural human contacts, for discussion of the state of the nation, for interesting talk of horses and clams.

I went down Saturday night on the western division by Lawrence and Haverhill and came back Sunday afternoon by Kittery, Portsmouth, Salem and Lynn.

Going down we ran into heavy rain at Berwick, but coming back it was perfect weather and we had full opportunity to see the new leaves and the heavy growth of grass, and the apple orchards in blossom at their best.

It is only three hours to Portland, but I doubt if I can ever think of it that way. It is far off. It is a different land. It is an adventure. It is the State of Maine.

Mr. Charles F. Ayer of the trustees had been up to the Congress Square Hotel to get me a comfortable room. Mr. William H. Dow of the *Portland Express*, chairman of the Board, had been to call and do the honors and had left an order of service.

Coming in out of the storm, this hotel as always seemed the embodiment of cheer.

Walking out in the morning I came at once to a "School of Art," and a memorial which apparently was somebody's great mansion turned into a gallery of art. Portland is proud of its literary, artistic, and other distinctly cultural traditions.

It conserves beauty in the Eastern Promenade,

which looks over Casco Bay with its 365 islands, and its Western Promenade, which commands a lovely view of the White Mountains. In years past I have visited both many times, but not on this trip.

They have the historic Longfellow house, where the poet lived and worked, and now some people are busy trying to get hold of the birthplace of Longfellow down near the Grand Trunk Railway station. An invitation was even read in the House of Representatives in Washington last week inviting all members to attend readings of the poet Markham "in behalf of the fund," but the *Boston Herald* leaped on to the project with both feet, heading its editorial "Stop This Nonsense."

The Portland papers were full of pictures of veterans of the Civil War, of announcements of reunions and celebrations and of church notices showing that the preachers were helping observe the day. I was glad that I had laid aside theology and "Paul" and other favorite themes and taken the great text: "My soul hath them still in remembrance."

On the order of service the name of James F. Albion, D. D., still led all the rest. They just can't let their pastor go, and seemed to find more comfort in the thought that Brunswick where he now is was only twenty-seven miles away than in any other thing.

This is as it should be. We have here an illustration of one of the most sacred and beautiful relations on earth at its highest and best. A man with some personality and magnetism, who loves people and is kind, who has reasonable ability to do his job, and who "sticks," in time comes "to inherit the whole earth." The entire community owns him and loves him, and he owns them. That is the case with Albion.

Going down to Washington on the Federal Express the other night, I had one of those meetings brought about by the dusky porter ushering three or four of us into a section while the other sections are being made up. The gentleman by whom I sat proved to be from Maine. By chance he found I knew Albion. Then he told me that when his own pastor could not be with him in great sorrow because he was "going away on a vacation," Albion, then a very young man, came back from a vacation to officiate, and he added, "I never forgot it and I'm going to try to find a chance to tell him what I think of him after all these years."

Baner had been down there for two Sundays and they spoke well of him. Hall and Lowe were coming and they spoke well of them. I was there and they gave me a good hearing and filled me with cheer and courage, but their hearts were down at Brunswick. Why shouldn't they be? Better than the eloquence of men and of angels is the eloquence of charity on both sides, mutual service, bearing one another's burdens through the years, as true pastors and people have the great privilege of doing.

The music was beautiful, and straight across the great church from the choir gallery at the back came the uplifting words as distinctly as if read.

Not a detail of attention to the visiting pastor was omitted. I was placed at the front door at the close. A kind gentleman, of the Board I think, stood by me to introduce me. There were four ladies of the Rev. Judson Marvin's church there to greet me as a friend of their former pastor, John Murray Atwood, and to send greetings to other friends in Washington.

There was the granddaughter of the Rev. Zenas Thompson, "Father Thompson," of whose devotion I used to hear from Governor Perham and family.

There was a friend of the Bolles family, reminding me that the Rev. Edwin C. Bolles, D. D., whose closing service was at Tufts College, spent happy and useful years at the Congress Square Church. But what preacher can remember all that happens in the hour after service?

I do remember that a giant named Simon M. Hamlin loomed up inviting me to Sunday school. I would not have dared refuse, but when he told me that he was a fisherman and loved tramping and camping, I didn't want to refuse.

Again it was "Memorial Day" for the Sunday school, and the Commander of the Department of Maine, G. A. R., Ezekiel H. Hanson, was there, introduced by Mr. Whitcomb, to talk of Antietam and other bloody battles of the Civil War, and of the founding of the G. A. R. One of the memories was of a Memorial Day in the earlier years which came on Saturday, of a deluge of rain, a plan to decorate graves on Sunday, an outcry against desecration of the Lord's Day, and how they put it through convinced that "if these men fought and marched and died on Sunday we can lay flowers on their graves on Sunday." The old Commander told of the sensation when an Orthodox minister came to their hall, made a speech and said, "I believe every man who died on the field of battle went stright to heaven no matter what he had been here."

I taught the "Sesame Class," the class of seventy ladies which Mrs. Albion organized and taught. There were not seventy present this rainy Sunday, but a good number, and I made my best hit by reminding them that they were to see Dr. and Mrs. Albion at the annual Sunday school picnic June 7.

It was a big Sunday school, with rows on rows of little children, alert teachers and a real superintendent.

I don't know the history of the Portland church, but I know that Henry Blanchard for years served there with distinction, known far and wide as a preacher of great power.

In the fascinating autobiography of "Father" Sylvanus Cobb, one of the pioneer preachers of the state, reference is made to the long and consecrated service of Russell Streeter at Congress Square and as editor of the *Christian Intelligencer*, a Universalist weekly long published at Portland.

The history of any such movement as resulted in the making of a strong church like Congress Square is always of interest. I wish I had had time to get hold of the records and read it up.

There were two things in the daily papers which I read as I came away most striking to one interested in politics and sociology.

The Portland Club, a strong Republican organization, had turned the pictures of Senator Fred Hale and Congressman C. L. Beedy of the first district to the wall because of their failure to back up Coolidge. A Senator, son of a Senator, grandson of a Senator,

Republican, rebuked by fellow Republicans, and in Maine, too! This gave color, piquancy and gayety to the day's news. I write of it without attempting in the slightest to pass judgment on the matter, although I do not conceal the fact that I am against the bonus and so is every member of my Post in the American Legion except one.

The other thing was terribly tragic and suggests work for all the churches in Maine and everywhere else, Orthodox and Liberal.

It was the murder mystery at Amherst, near Ellsworth, where a nineteen-year-old girl, the teacher of a country school, was shot on her way to the post-office and buried in a pasture near by.

An overgrown, sub-normal boy not yet fifteen years of age watched the teacher leave the house, hurried to a lonely point on the road, shot her with a charge of buckshot, robbed her and probably attacked her and threw her over the fence. Then he went back whistling about his chores, doing them with such energy that his alibi seemed complete. In the morning he played with the other children at school waiting for the teacher. While searchers were busy in another direction, he buried the body and then cunningly joined them and was present when the discovery was made. So unsuspected was he, that the men working at the shallow grave sent him away from a scene "'too shocking" for a boy of his years.

This boy bought chocolates with money from the teacher's purse and enjoyed them.

He had been indifferent and backward in his studies, and the teacher had tried to help him out of school hours at the farm house where she boarded and where he was chore boy.

The boy seems to have had a blood lust. His confession can not be published. It is known that he took intense delight in torturing lambs to death, squeezing chickens to death, and trapping and torturing wild creatures. He had a gun and sometimes blew game to pieces with the heavy charges he used.

Finally he shot down a defenseless girl without compunction and, when arrested, confessed without emotion.

There is altogether too much of a tendency in us to sidestep the baffling and difficult problems raised by the crime of this boy.

We call sociologists theorists. We get easily bored by discussion of feeble-mindedness. We find discussion of sex problems and birth control shocking. And even if stirred by conditions in the slum of a city, we seem unconscious of the great problems of country life.

Our Universalist fathers did pioneer work in theology and in practical reform. The Rev. Geo. W. Quinby, for over thirty years in Augusta, wrote "The Gallows, the Prison, the Poorhouse." Others of our preachers and laymen have helped in the field of modern penology and charity, and fought capital punishment because it deprives us of any chance to educate and reform, the true objects of punishment.

But here is another pioneer field. The nation is inadequately supplied with schools for the feeble-minded. Public sentiment is strangely indifferent to the dangers of letting the feeble-minded reproduce and the added dangers of allowing them to mingle freely with other children. For any particular family or case, it is easy to arouse sympathy which nullifies volunteer effort to deal with the situation, for it is a most appealing affliction.

And yet the health, happiness and progress of humanity are involved in these questions. They are for all of us to take up. No reformers can do much alone. One of the starting points is to inform ourselves of what has been done in various parts of the country to prevent and cure feeble-mindedness and to protect society.

Maine is more than a playground. She is one of our leading states. She has shown us the way in many a political and social difficulty. Doubtless this horrible tragedy at Amherst will stir her and stir us all to bring our brains as well as our Christian sympathies to bear on some of these things.

A New Attitude in the Churches Towards War

Marion D. Shutter

A DETERMINED effort is being made in many of the Churches to commit them to a stand against wars of any description, whether of aggression or defense. There is wide-spread comment upon the proposition presented this month to the Methodist General Conference, that "the Church as a Church shall separate itself from the carrying on of any war." An amendment, in committee, excepting wars "in self-defense or in defense of humanity," was rejected with the comment that "all war was necessarily un-Christian." A similar resolution was introduced a short time ago into a local or state Presbyterian Assembly and voted down. Last October an attempt was made in our own denomination to secure official indorsement for the "conscientious objector," and failed. At the May meetings of the American Unitarian Association, that body will be asked to go upon record as "refusing co-operation with governments waging war"—even though the government be our own. Pledges are being circulated among the young people's societies in which the signers promise not to bear arms, or to engage in any war labor, or to nurse the wounded—in the event of future conflict.

I—Reasons

It is hardly to be wondered at that the devastations of the recent tragedy have driven some honest people to what must appear to many of us an extreme position; but their opinions are entitled to due consideration.

They take the ground (1) that war is in itself un-Christian, and that therefore no Christian can take part in it, (2) that it is ineffective as a means of advancing Christ's kingdom, (3) that it is simply and only death and destruction, without a redeeming feature, (4) that Christianity has never been able to put a stop to war, because those who professed to believe in Christianity have always participated, and

(5) that the only way to stop the whole business is to declare ourselves "through with war, in every form, under every circumstance." To put it in the language of one of the principal advocates of the scheme, "If our country declares war, we will refuse to recognize the declaration. If it conscripts us for service, we will decline to obey."

II—Background

Let us, first of all, examine that statement that Christianity has never been able to prevent war, and that in every great crisis, as in this latest one, the Church has broken down.

We may say, in general, that the Church, or Christianity, has failed to prevent war in the sense that it has failed to prevent drunkenness or adultery or murder, in the sense in which it has failed to prevent the recklessness which makes the automobile as dangerous as a machine gun, whose annual harvest of death and mutilation is greater than many a battle.

But failure to put a stop to all these things in a given time is not failure. Human nature changes, but it does not change over night. When we consider how much of the animal still lingers, how little developed are many of the tribes and races of mankind, how diverse and conflicting are the interests of the most advanced, and, then, that each generation has to begin at nearly the same point where the one before it started—how much time are you going to give Christianity? A paltry two thousand years? We have the same problem in government, and one that is older than Christianity. For thousands of years men have experimented, and tried to find a stable form of government. But the failure of many thousands of years is not final failure. The United States has the most stable government on the face of the earth; but many of our own citizens are trying to change and even to overthrow it.

While Christianity has not yet accomplished all that it is criticised for not accomplishing, it has influenced for the better the past two thousand years of history, and the world is a little nearer the gates of the kingdom than it would have been without the impulse given it by the pierced hand. But in specific ways has Christianity affected war.

(1) In the old Roman Empire, it suppressed the games of the Colosseum and thereby saved thousands of prisoners of war from death.

(2) It discouraged the practise of enslaving prisoners, and ransomed immense multitudes of them with charitable contributions, and proceeded upon its path of mercy until "it became a recognized principle of international law that no Christian prisoner should be reduced to slavery."

(3) It introduced a new warlike ideal. The knight of the Crusades and of Chivalry united all the force and fire of the ancient warrior with something of the tenderness and humanity of the Christian saint.

(4) In the Middle Ages arose the "Truce of God." By this truce, nobles and princes bound themselves to keep the peace, to abstain from unlawful wars, and to protect clerics, women, merchants, pilgrims, peasants, and other non-combatants. By this truce actual warfare was to be suspended from Saturday till Monday, afterwards extended from Wednesday evening to Monday morning, and to nearly all the fasts, feasts, and holy seasons of the Church. These things put the element of mercy into the horrors of war, as later the Red Cross brought in the same divine quality.

But (5) Christianity may claim as a part of its "war record," the whole history of conciliation and arbitration, by which many a war has been prevented. This found embodiment first in the Hague Court of Arbitration and later in the International Court of Justice that sits in the Peace Palace. Whether this latter shall be the final form of such court or not, we may consider it settled that such tribunal will be established. So that, if Christianity has not prevented war in general, it has yet prevented specific wars. It has not yet banished all the storm elements from the atmosphere, but it has chained up many a thunderbolt.

III—Principles

While this is the tendency of Christianity, we must, in the meantime, distinguish between things that differ.

1. Christianity and non-resistance are not synonymous; non-resistance and brotherhood or love are not synonymous. Non-resistance may be synonymous with the blackest sort of selfishness.

To refrain from fighting where others than myself are concerned, may pronounce the death-sentence upon innocent persons and upon some noble cause. Moreover, I refuse to conform to any one's narrow definition of Christianity and duty. I can read the words of Christ for myself. I can understand Christianity without the assistance of honest but misguided interpreters. It is precisely the course proposed by this new movement—a course which must inevitably split the Churches—that has created the fiercest wars of history, the wars of religion. Telling men what they must believe if they would be Christians, and then forcing that definition upon them, is precisely the thing that has always divided and weakened the power of Christianity. If one feels that he must refuse the call of service by the State, let him settle with the State. Let him not ask the indorsement of the Church. Let him not hide behind its altars. Let him not try to force the adoption of the standard he has set up for himself! That course, I repeat, means a bitter controversy and peril to the program of our own Convention. It remains to be seen how much this consideration will influence those who believe that the only successful pastorate is one which wrecks the local church and brings odium upon the entire denomination. No one is going to disturb the non-resistant. He can have no quarrel that he does not seek. But if, in his uncompromising belligerency, he precipitates a battle, he must be held responsible for the consequences.

2. Again, we must distinguish between war and wars—as already suggested. They are not all alike—not all are wars of aggression, or wars in behalf of "economic exploitation, imperialism, and militarism." There have been (1) wars of self-defense, (2) in defense of the weak and oppressed, and (3) for great principles; and those who engaged in them did not doubt that in serving their country's cause, or the cause of the down-

trodden, or the cause of truth, they were at the same time promoting God's kingdom on earth!

How was it that Christianity itself was saved in Europe? Why is it that Europe is not Mohammedan to-day? Because the armies of Charles Martel turned back the Saracens at Tours and the Christian Greeks repulsed the first attack on Constantinople. Why did Constantinople fall in 1453 before the Turk? One reason, at least, was that the priests preached non-resistance to the people and to the soldiers. The people refused to back the emperor in his efforts to keep the Turk from breaking through the walls. Many of the soldiers flung down their swords, or broke them into pieces. "Do not fight!" exclaimed the priests, "the Lord will send His angel to protect you." But the angel never came. And we know the after history—the history of blood written by the Turk, of infamous diplomacy written by the rest of Europe in their dealings with him.

Why is there freedom of thought in the world to-day? Why is it that man has direct access to his Maker? Because the swords of German princes backed the preaching of Martin Luther, when he led the first great insurrection of the human mind against spiritual despotism. How was it that England secured constitutional freedom against her Stuart kings? The song of Cromwell's Ironsides gives answer: "Let God arise and let His enemies be scattered!" How were the slaves freed in America? The answer lies in the sword of Grant as well as in the heart of Lincoln. These are but incidents in the history of liberty.

3. But one of the authors of this new proposition says: "I am not contending that war was a sin five, ten, or a hundred years ago. I am contending that henceforth war is a sin." But who can tell what new conditions may arise? I would have declared, before this last terrific outbreak, that no such thing could be possible in the twentieth century. Devoutly do I hope and earnestly do I pray there never may be anything that remotely resembles it in the future. But who can tell? I recall the regretful lines of Whittier:

> "Above our broken dreams and plans,
> God lays with wiser hand than man's,
> The corner-stone of liberty."

IV—Objections

This plan of refusal to heed the call of the country is fraught with possibilities of danger. If every one would say, "I will stop," it would be easy. If every one who violates the laws against liquor would only stop, the eighteenth amendment would be unassailed. If every criminally inclined person were to stop, we might disband the police. But that is just the trouble. Every one will not stop. If the aggressor in war would stop, the path of the non-resistant would blossom like the rose. During the Civil War a group of clergymen came to President Lincoln urging him to put a stop to our armies fighting on Sunday. He replied: "I agree with you entirely, and the matter can be easily arranged. All that is necessary is for you to see the generals on the other side, and persuade them not to attack our armies on Sunday." Some one has said, "Pacifist resolutions by sheep avail nothing so long as wolves are of a different mind."

There are two capital objections to the plan proposed to end war:

1. It commits us in advance to proclaim to the world that we will leave our country defenseless; that even in case of aggression we will advise our young men to refuse to heed the country's call. No Church could exist in this country to-day if it were not for that provision in our Constitution which guarantees freedom of worship. The "worship" will perish, unless we stand ready to protect the "freedom."

2. It proposes to our young people a pledge that is rammed to the muzzle with possibilities of future treason to a country which has educated them, and given them their opportunities. We require the oath of allegiance from those who are "naturalized" citizens; the same pledge is involved in citizenship by birth.

We can still conceive of circumstances where "to hold one's hands folded and sit serenely while a precious human right, an eternal spiritual principle, were violated would be to save one's life when he ought to lose it." Mr. Glenn Frank has been telling the Methodists that we must "choose between Jesus and the generals." Why must we? In the same breath Mr. Frank declares that he is ready to fight for his flag. On what will Mr. Frank depend when he fights for his flag? Will he march forth without a general? He says that "the Church must not place itself in an absurd position." Neither must Mr. Frank. We reject his alternative. We choose Jesus and the generals both. Others tell us that we must "choose God or evolution." We take both. Others say that we must choose between our "religion and our physician." Again we choose both. It is absurd to insist that these terms are mutually exclusive. Mr. Frank is just as absurd when he says, "Jesus or the generals"—note the alliteration—as the fundamentalist when he says "God or Evolution" or "the Bible, all or none."

V—Resolution

The right attitude, as it seems to me, would be this: "I believe in peace and will do all that is in my power to promote it. I will try to bring the spirit of good-will into this world and among men, in larger measure. I will do all that is in my power to suppress the passions and to remove the causes out of which war springs. But if—while believing all this and trying to bring all this to pass—I should hear a call from my country summoning me to its defense and to the defense of my home, my freedom, my religion, to the defense of the weak against the strong, of justice against outrage and oppression, I should regard it and respond to it as the voice of God."

Wars will cease at last with the general progress of mankind. They will cease as the savage and barbarous races are lifted into light; as the savage and barbarous passions which linger among civilized nations are abated; as the processes of reason commend themselves above the processes of violence in mobs, in resistance to law, in secret forms of inspiring terror, in personal hatreds—no less than in armed conflict. So long as officers of the law are murdered in the discharge of their duties, by thugs, and criminals and boot-leggers, and that without disturbing the serenity of the community, the materials of war

exist. And we must still depend upon the patient teaching of the great lessons of the Gospel. But a community that, without protest, can hear of burning negroes at the stake, of lashings and whippings by unknown and veiled inquisitors, of murderous struggles over illicit whiskey, is not on the way to abolish war. For *this is simply non-resistance on the greatest scale.* Evils exist because we do not resist them. They may exist on such a scale as to demand armed resistance. It is only truth militant that gets anywhere in this world!

May 18, 1924.

Talks with Toilers

II---The Linotype Man

Edward H. Cotton

DO you realize how much mental and manual toil goes into the production of the paper, magazine, or book you read with indifference or interest as the case may be? The manuscript was first written and submitted to the editor, who, eager to give his readers the best reading-matter available, selected it carefully, often from a multitude of other offerings. He then prepared it and passed it on to those whose business it is to read proof, to print, and to make up into convenient form for the reader.

All these processes are important, but none of them surpasses in interest and technical skill the task of the men at the monotype and linotype machines who make the type. If you have a spare half-hour, visit your local printing-shop and watch the operators of these highly complex machines which do their work with almost human skill.

The monotype process is done by two separate mechanisms: one prepares the perforated paper-roll; the other takes the roll and with it as a guide manufactures the type. It is called "monotype" because each metal letter is separate from every other. Its advantage is the ease with which it sets columns of figures or words. The linotype makes a solid line or bar of type which must be a specified width, but the length of the line may be changed.

No operation could appear simpler than that of the linotype machine. As I sat watching the operator it looked like play. He sat in a low chair in front of the machine, his fingers, resting lightly on a keyboard similar to that of a typewriter, touched the keys deftly, and presently I saw a line of type slip into the galley. It was all so simple. No effort, no noise, no demonstration of any kind, save a slight tapping of keys. In a short time the galley would be full of type, ready for the composition man who would lock it in the forms for the presses which print the sheet you read.

It seems a miracle that a man can touch a key and make a metal type as one makes a letter on a typewriter, but this is the least of the amazing achievements of this machine, for it looks after spacing, intervals between words, proper width of column and true alignment. Those who are familiar with a typewriter know how difficult it is to keep the right-hand edge of the printed matter even. The operator of the linotype never has to think of this; his machine thinks for him.

Now let the operator tell in his own language the way his machine does its work—a machine, he assured me, which is as simple as the alphabet, once you understand it.

"In the first place," he said, "it has four main divisions: the magazine, which contains the matrices, or type-cases, which make the letter-impressions; the keyboard, which controls the release of the matrices from the magazine; the casting mechanism, which presents a pot of molten metal to the formed line of matrices; and the distributing mechanism, which carries the matrices back to the magazine for further service when their work is done.

"I press this key; a matrix drops from the magazine and goes to its proper place in the line. I touch another key, and a space band is released. When I have assembled a line of matrices and space bands I send it to the casting position, thus. A bar then rises, presses against the bottom of all the space bands, and makes that line conform to all the others. Then the solid slug slides down into the stick, ready for the compositor. This keyboard, as you see, is divided into three parts. The black keys are for lower-case letters; the blue keys are for figures, spaces, and punctuation points; the white keys are for capitals. That is as simple as I can state it. There are many more processes which a person who operates a machine must know. For instance, each time I press a key that releases a matrix, let me tell you technically what happens. The key releases a trigger which allows a cam to drop on to a rubber roller which rotates the cam and makes a cam yoke operate as a lever. The inner end of the cam yoke pushes against a rod. When the cam has completely rotated, the cam yoke comes to rest on the trigger again for its next task. Then two pawls slide up and down and the matrix drops. At the same time one of the pawls holds the matrix next behind."

"Yes," I said, "I understand." I observed to myself, however, that I did not wonder the inventor of the machine, Mergenthaler, lost his mind.

"The other main divisions," he went on, "have each a number of separate processes. For instance, the casting mechanism is interesting. We use electric heat in this machine. But it is possible to use gas, kerosene, or gasoline. Electricity is the best, because it has neither flame nor explosive material, and it is a simpler matter to regulate the temperature. You understand that the metal must be molten to receive the impression from the matrices. The operator will drop two pigs of unmelted metal into the metal-pot on the left of the machine once in about half an hour. A plunger is forced into the well, driving the molten metal into the mold and the indented characters of the matrices. After the matrices have served their purpose they are lifted automatically back to the magazine. The metal cools quickly and the solid slug is formed."

"There seems to be much to learn," I observed. "How long does it take to become a qualified operator?"

"Six months or a year, depending on the man. Young fellows in the shop ambitious to learn the machine will get some one to teach them, and during the noon-hour study the mechanism and practise on the keyboard. The machine operates with the speed of a typewriter. The speed with which type is made depends on the person at the keys. The average is about 150 matrices a minute. I should say that I could complete an article of twelve or fourteen hundred words in an hour.

"Speaking of manuscripts, we get all kinds. The custom in this shop is to have all copy carefully read before it comes to us. It is the best method I have known and saves time for everybody. We follow the proved copy exactly. Of course the more education an operator has, the better. He must be able to spell, capitalize, and punctuate. The more he knows of composition, the more useful he will be. He should have at least two years' training in this particular.

"Most of the copy we get is typewritten. But sometimes it is manuscript and hard to decipher. That is when life is miserable for the linotype man, especially if the compositor is calling for galleys. There is a certain writer of standing in this city—I will not mention his name—whose copy looks as though a hen had jumped into an ink-bottle and then danced over the paper." He laughed. "But I enjoy the work. Some find it tiresome, but to me there is enough that is new to keep the job fresh. And believe me, it is as good as going to college to read the manuscripts. We get all the news, and we have opportunity to get a lot of information from copy. Wages are good, and the work is not hard.

"Speaking of these instructive manuscripts. You know we print a lot of religious articles in this shop. Well, they have converted me. I've changed my religion since coming here—so much for the influence of the position. Maybe I'll make the type for your story; that would be interesting—making the type for my own words."

Our Prayers Together

Conducted by A. Gertrude Earle

Saturday, June 21

Blessed be the Lord God of our fathers. Ezra 7 : 27.

The mercies of the Lord are new every morning. Lam. 3 : 23.

Source of all good! Day by day are Thy blessings renewed to us: and how should our thanksgivings cease? Our fathers rejoiced to sing Thy praise; and from their children's offering Thou wilt not turn away. The rest of night, the light of day, we gratefully receive as Thy gifts, and would dedicate to the service of Thy will. O that we too could be re-born like the morning, and our love rise as fresh as the dawn, and our obedience be as sure as the path of the sun!

For time and for eternity we commit ourselves to Thee, O Lord. *Amen.*

Sunday, June 22

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass. Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him. Psalms 37 : 5, 7.

And now, Lord, what wait we for? Only for Thy blessing to attend our common life of duty here. Make it all an earnest search for a nearer walk with Thee. We know not what a day may bring forth: fill us with steadfast diligence to turn each moment to account; with vigilance against every temptation to indolent, careless, or disordered ways; with unswerving love of whatever things are pure and true; and then may we be without care, as those whose refuge is in Thee. Thus make us true followers of him whose meat it was to do Thy will and finish Thy work. *Amen.*

Monday, June 23

Be not afraid, for the Lord thy God is with thee, whithersoever thou goest. Joshua 1 : 9.

O God, all seeing but unseen! Thou only source of peace and holiness! into Thy secret place take us for a moment, and fill us with Thy pure and solemn light. We would not go without Thy blessing on our way, or mingle with the haste of life without Thy clear directing Spirit in our hearts. We are weak, O Lord, and renounce the vain trust in ourselves alone: we are blind, and know not what the hours may bring. But we rest in Thee, who never leavest or forsakest us: and, whatever we are called to do or suffer, we would put our hand in Thine, and freely go where Thou mayest lead. *Amen.*

Tuesday, June 24

It is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. Romans 13 : 11.

Lord of our life and Disposer of our lot! Thou hast set us in a world glorious with blessed hopes, but sad with many sins and sorrows. O touch us with Thine own compassion, and render us organs of Thy saving power, to make it ready for Thy kingdom and nearer to Thy pure and righteous thought. Remembering that the time is short, and looking to eternal things, may we have one only care, to abate the transitory ill and be faithful to the everlasting good. Thus make us true followers of Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

Wednesday, June 25

What is man that thou art mindful of him? Psalms 8 : 4.

Almighty Father! what are we, that we should stretch forth our hands to Thee, and aspire to meet Thee, spirit to Spirit? We have nothing to bring but Thine own gifts, which we have not duly sanctified. Yet, gracious Lord, though we can not rise to Thee, Thy tender mercy bends to us, and draws us with cords of love to own Thy secret presence as the soul of every blessing, the solemn look of every duty, the healing anguish of our contrition, and the life of all that is not dead within us. Our help is from Thee: may we keep near to Thy refuge, as the shade at our right hand. *Amen.*

Thursday, June 26

We all, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord are changed into the same image. 2 Cor. 3 : 18.

Preserve us blameless, O Lord, in our goings out and comings in this day. Beholding in our hearts the image of Thy perfection, may we be pure with a heavenly purity, faithful in our tasks, watchful against temptation, of tender conscience, of patient spirit, of generous temper, and of reverent humility as ever in Thy sight. Fill us with the simplicity of a divine purpose, that we may be inwardly at one with Thy divine will, and lifted above vain wishes of our own. Help us to keep clean our hearts from unholy thoughts, our lips from rash words, our senses from unworthy indulgence, and our whole life from whatever grieves Thy Spirit. *Amen.*

Friday, June 27

The darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee. Psalms 139 : 12.

God of the light—without, within—who hast lifted the curtain of night from our abodes! perfect now Thy blessing unto us, and take the veil from all our hearts, and make clear unto us the face of Thy holy presence. Hide not Thyself behind our sinful darkness, gracious Lord! We would not go to do our works alone. Rise with Thy morning upon our souls; mingle with the light around us throughout the day; and may we see only as Thou showest and be warmed only with Thy glow. *Amen.*

The prayers this week are all from "Home Prayers," by James Martineau.

Notes from Japan

Clifford R. Stetson

EASTER was very quiet here. It does not catch the interest of people here as Christmas does, and Mr. Terasawa was not able to work up very much of the real Easter spirit on the part of the people. The services were good, a real sermon, a special musical number by the three kindergarten teachers and Mrs. Terasawa, and the communion service at the close. There was only a small congregation, however, and it is very hard to get up the momentum that our observances all through Lent give us at home.

Yesterday was Mothers' Day, and, to me at least, the services were far more impressive than the Easter services, perhaps because I happened to be able to understand more of the sermon than usual. Mr. Terasawa spoke on "Mother, the Savior," using the story of St. Augustine and Monica as an introduction. He gave an interpretation of the few passages in which Jesus speaks of or to his mother in the Gospels, and paid his tribute to his own mother's influence. He was able to speak this word with earnestness, for he had just the day before returned from Tokyo bringing his mother, who is very ill, and the rest of the family with him, to live next door to him, so that he can better care for them. His father will help us in our classes what he is able, and we hope that the Shizuoka climate will agree with the mother's health. It makes rather a heavy burden for our Mr. Terasawa to carry, but of course he undertakes it gladly.

In my English Bible class we began a simple study of the "Beatitudes" this month, which we advertised rather widely, and by which we are reaching about twenty students, largely from my classes at the higher middle school. I am teaching English there this spring, and besides finding it very interesting, and a rest from the everlasting Japanese study, it gives me the chance to meet and make friends with some of the finest young men of Japan. The two hundred entering students this year were picked from nearly a thousand applicants.

I still have my Japanese teacher three hours a week, and shall keep up my study during the summer this year.

In Nagoya the work is exactly the same as usual. I want to go there for a visit if a time can be arranged which is convenient for both Mr. Nagano and myself.

In Tokyo they are doing good work. Repairs on Blackmer Home are progressing, the new Dojin House is in use, and at the barrack church they are starting a new kindergarten, which we hope will develop into the Ohayo Kindergarten. Our faithful head teacher from the kindergarten here has gone to Tokyo to begin this work, which is under the general management of Miss Kent. We are very sorry to have to say good-by to Miss Matsumoto, for she has been dependable and helpful in all the work here. But we are very glad that it falls to her to begin the new work at the Tokyo church. And we are fortunate in finding good teachers for the Shizuoka kindergarten.

The Tokyo church people are planning for the future, and are pledging generously for the new church. There is some prospect that more land can be purchased now next the old church lot, and if so that is our best location, since the car-line is not to go directly past there when the city is rebuilt. They are investigating now, and if the lots are for sale we must buy at once, for they will be taken quickly. We are hoping that the money will be available very soon. You will no doubt hear more of this from the Tokyo people soon.

It is fast becoming summer here. The roses about the church are full of blooms, and the peonies we inherited from Miss Kirk and the Lobdells are beautiful. The "summer orange" trees have both blossoms and ripe fruit now, and the air is full of their fragrance. We have strawberries and early vegetables from the garden every day. The mantle of snow which has covered Mount Fuji all winter is fast disappearing.

I can not close without a word about the Immigration Bill. The comment in the *Leader* for April fifth was the first word we received from the American press direct. Of course the papers here had quoted many leading newspapers that had opposed the measure. And since then we have had the *Digests* and clippings from several papers. We are grateful

for the *Leader's* prompt protest. But it seems that its final question must be answered in the negative. Or, as the Japanese would say, "Yes, we can not" make our representatives understand. It makes us ashamed that our own "Christian" country must submit to this unwise, unfriendly and un-Christian move. We are confident that some way will be found to lessen the sting as much as possible, but the blow has been struck, and it isn't going to help Japan a great deal to offer her soothing syrup now. The attitude of those in authority here has been perfectly fine. But there are many who can see only red. And who can blame them?

It is hard enough for us who know something of the power of politics in America to explain how this could have happened. How much harder for those who only think of America as a great, generous, wealthy people who gave freely in the hour of Japan's distress, and then, before that distress is over, give her the greatest insult that has been handed any nation in the remembrance of this generation. Thanks to the native courtesy of the Japanese, it has made no difference in the unfailing kindness and friendliness which we meet, and it probably will make no difference. But it goes a long way toward undoing all that the hosts of loyal missionaries have given their lives to accomplish in Japan. And it will tremendously increase the obstacles to all missionary work here for many years. To all who believe the gospel of brotherhood, this is not the least of the "grave consequences" which will most assuredly result.

Shizuoka, Japan, May 12.

The Belgians in New York*

Baron E. de Cartier de Marchienne

THREE hundred years ago a small group of my compatriots arrived at the mouth of the Hudson, seeking to establish new homes in a land where they might enjoy a greater measure of freedom than could, at that period, be found anywhere in the Old World.

These Belgians came under the protection of the friendly flag of the Dutch Republic, in the West India Company ship, the Nieu Nederland. They were accompanied by some of their French neighbors, Huguenots, from the northern provinces of France.

Historians, such as John de Laet and Wassenaer, tell us that this little band of pilgrims who had enjoyed the generous hospitality of their co-religionists in Leyden and elsewhere in Holland, and who were to be the first home-builders on Manhattan Island, consisted of about thirty families, mostly Walloons, from the Belgian province of Hainaut. To-day, therefore, it is specially fitting that the people of Belgium should pay tribute to the memory of their fellow-countrymen whom Providence led to play an historic part in the beginning of the first permanent settlement of the great city of New York.

Men of many creeds and many nationalities have had their part in the early settlement of America. To each is due his meed of praise according to his works, but it is the American people themselves to whom is due the glory of having, under God's guidance, made America the great country that it is to-day.

Nevertheless, it is no small honor to a nation to have contributed, in however modest a way, to the early settlement of this mighty metropolis.

It is, therefore, with a proper and just pride that the whole Belgian nation, all our people, of every creed and from every one of our nine provinces, from our beloved King to the most humble of his subjects, join in this commemoration of the landing of their fellow-countrymen on Manhattan Island.

These Belgians, who came to your shores three hundred years ago, under the inspiration of Jesse de Forest, brought with them but little of this world's goods, but they brought brave hearts and strong and willing hands. Above all, they brought that sincere love of civil and religious liberty which is the heritage of all our race. Those who remained behind in Belgium were no less imbued with the love of freedom.

From time to time the Torch of Liberty has seemed with us almost extinguished, as under the Roman conquest, as under the despotism of Philip the Second of Spain, as under the late German invasion, but we have fought the good fight, we have kept the faith, and we are still to-day, thank God, a free and independent people under the leadership of one of the bravest, greatest and most beloved kings who ever graced a throne.

We are proud to know that, however little or however much these Belgian pioneers may have contributed to the making of America, they brought in their hearts that love of freedom which alone could make them worthy to participate in the foundation of a country whose very name stands as the synonym of Liberty.

As these Belgian pioneers came chiefly from the Province of Hainaut, their fellow-countrymen of that province wish to pay a special tribute to their memory, and at the same time to give a token of their friendship to America, by presenting to your city a monument to be set up as a lasting memorial of the landing of the Walloon-Huguenots on Manhattan Island.

For this purpose the Province of Hainaut has sent this commemorative stone, carved and fashioned from the granite of Hainaut by the sons of Hainaut, and containing in a coffer of Hainaut metal a handful of the soil of Hainaut—the native soil of those Belgians who had the good fortune to be numbered among the first citizens of your great city.

On behalf of the Provincial Council of the Province of Hainaut, I have the honor to present this memorial to the City of New York.

His Majesty King Albert would have liked to be present on this occasion, but unfortunately affairs of state have made it impossible for him to accept the cordial invitation extended him by his Excellency the Governor of New York.

In these circumstances his Majesty has been

*Address at the Tercentenary Celebration, New York, by the Belgian Ambassador.

graciously pleased to appoint me as his special representative at these commemorative ceremonies and has instructed me to read to you, in his name, the following message:

"It gives me great pleasure to join in this celebration which perpetuates the memory of the many spiritual ties which for generations have united our two nations, animated by the same ideals of Justice, of Liberty and peaceful Progress.

"The bonds of friendship between America and Belgium have been still further confirmed and strengthened in recent years by many circumstances, and especially by the gratitude of the Belgian people for the generous aid given to them by the Commission for Relief in Belgium, under the guidance of Mr. Herbert Hoover.

"The Belgian nation will never forget the moral support as well as the material aid thus given them, nor will they ever forget the heroism of the American soldiers who fought in Belgium side by side with our troops. The memory of their brave deeds will always remain green in our hearts, and the graves of those that fell on our soil will always be hallowed ground.

"Belgium is glad to participate in such a great historical event as the founding of the City of New York, where the Queen and I were so cordially received during our visit to the United States.

"The Belgian people are happy that this new opportunity is given to them to express their unalterable friendship and deep gratitude to the great American Nation."

As his Majesty says in his message, we are bound to your country by many ties:

Of gratitude. We Belgians will never forget the generous help extended to our famished civilian population by that magnificent work of life-saving headed by that organizing genius, Herbert Hoover, when through his efforts the Commission for Relief in Belgium successfully started on its career of rescuing from famine the ten million inhabitants of Belgium and northern France.

Of friendship, when your leading citizens all over this mighty country raised their voices, and none more eloquent than Mr. de Forest's, in protest against the deportations of our patriotic workingmen who refused to slave for the invader.

Of comradeship-in-arms, when your brave soldiers, and none more valiant than those of the 27th Division, represented here to-day by the gallant 106th Regiment of the New York National Guard, joined our troops in Flanders Fields, and brought decisive victory to the Allied Cause.

For all these reasons you may well understand that the friendship of America is one of Belgium's most cherished possessions.

We are proud to think that our people have had, at least, some small part in the founding of your great city, and we trust that the cordial relations so happily existing now between Belgium and America will flourish forever and ever.

More About the Convocation at Yale

E. B. Barber

THE Nathaniel Taylor lectures on theology were given by Prof. Rufus M. Jones of Haverford College on the general subject "Fundamental Ends of Life!" The lecturer spoke as a prophet. He impressed his hearers as one who had had a remarkable spiritual experience. He did not argue over much but assumed that his message was axiomatic. He carried conviction to his hearers, cleared their vision and strengthened the high purpose to live for the things most worth while.

The first lecture was on "The Quest for Fundamental Ends." He said the question "What do we want?" is a self-defining and fundamental query. If we had only instincts this would be answered for us. Those who think, readily answer that we want to seek the best things, but we have to recognize that many are content to drift into secondary aims. Fundamental ends must have first place, not atoms but character. To-day we must recognize that we know more about radium than soul; we work and do fine things in mechanics but educate and edify clumsily. These fundamental ends of life are the springs of action and achievement. Life is not a long dismal conjugation of the verb to be. Fundamental ends of life must be above mere utilitarian considerations. They spell sacrifice, inspiration, *noblesse oblige*, grace. The sphere of their activity is not in the skies nor conference meetings but in the stress and labor to which we are called by circumstance and duty. Cherishing fundamental ends of life creates an atmosphere for us and for our children to live in. Herein we can appreciate that grace is better than rewards, love is above justice. If you doubt this ask yourself how you would like to live in a family regulated wholly by justice. Fundamental ends of life must be its supreme realities. We must seek them because we ought, it is a voice without reply.

The second lecture discussed the "Fundamental Ends in the Gospel." Dr. Jones said that we could not rail at the historical course which Christianity had taken. However, it has been very busy with systems of thought rather than the fundamental ends of life, explained perhaps by the contact of Christianity with Hellenism. Religion must have to do with living aims. Battles of creed are not battles of life. We need a body of ideas charged with present day dynamics. (1) What does life mean from the point of view of the Gospel? One seeking fundamental ends here will not accept the line of least resistance as the way. Suffering is needful. (2) The fourth gospel is concerned with eternal life, which we often confuse with everlasting life. The eternal life is infinite in grace, abounding in joy and peace. (3) If you are to accept Jesus Christ as the way of life you must will to do so. It is less a matter of reflection than of willing to do his will. The all must be given for all. No asceticism here. This is living life to the full under highest incentives. Few things do more harm than the fuming and fussing about secondary matters; they become bad as we make them first. (4) The more the Pharisee was concerned for his salvation the smaller he became. Egotism kills the higher life like a bullet. The life

worth living is courageous, unselfish, counts not consequences. (5) The reward of life is more life. Secondary ends of life terminate near where they start, primary ends swing off into an infinite curve. The kingdom of God is the highest organism that has been revealed. It is both end and aim. Life in such a kingdom is the fundamental end of living.

The third lecture dealt with "Mystical Experiences as an End of Life." This was a great message, but a difficult one to report in a paragraph. Professor Jones began by saying that mysticism was a protest, proclaiming that the soul has a nature of its own, revolting against the barriers of sense and materialism. Science has encroached on almost every spiritual area and its sacred vessels have been rifled or carried away. Astronomy has swept the heavens and found no place for God. Psychology has found no soul and no place for spiritual realities. But the mystic does not need to oppose science but to supplement it. (1) We must learn to deal as adequately with spiritual values as we have with spiritual phenomena. (2) We must explore more profoundly the nature and capacity of the soul. This the mystic does. Every spiritual splendor is the evidence of a spiritual world, a world within a world. It means commerce with the invisible. He asked, Is it possible to have a real relation of God with man? This was answered in the affirmative. (1) Through the open vision vouchsafed to men. (2) Through sense perception carrying the message of beauty. (3) Direct first hand experience of God; to feel the pulse of the Almighty. There are great reservoirs of power and truth here which we have not tapped. True mysticism has a great contribution to make to life. It is not abnormal, not to be confounded with auto-suggestion or compared with dreams. Great mystics, Loyola, Fox and St. Bernard, achieved great things in world service under the inspiration and by the power of mystical experience.

The last lecture was on the subject of "Intrinsic Values of Life." He said that when the gram of radium was given to Madame Curie at the University of Chicago the speaker in the presentation address said the most important things in the world were moral and spiritual values. He discussed the significance of a fact, its importance, but the greater importance of its interpretation. Values he made to mean what ought to be. The significant values of life he defined as fundamental ends. They were: (1) Happiness, not to be confused with pleasure. Happiness springs out of a conscious endeavor toward a worthy goal. It is a state of mind. We may be happy yet in pain. (2) Beauty. Everybody knows what beauty is until he tries to define it and then nobody knows. (3) Love, the attribute of God. (4) Truth, more than opinion or fact, a timeless reality, universal. (5) Goodness. We can be good because we can live beyond what is. (6) Religion. These must ever remain fundamental ends of life, they balance and inspire. To displace them is to imperil our welfare.

The lectures of Principal L. P. Jacks on the "The Responsibilities of Citizenship" were substantially what he gave at Harvard earlier in the month.

A Question of Latitude and Lassitude

E. E. Eisenwinter

A FEW days ago I listened to a sermon. It was a good sermon, one which gave a modern interpretation of a point of doctrine. All through the development of the various heads of the sermon, handled in a truly masterly manner, I sat tensely interested, almost spellbound. I wanted to shout, to give vocal expression to my agreement, to take my stand with the speaker openly, enthusiastically. Of course I did nothing of the kind. I observed the usual decorum, shook hands with those in handshaking distance at the end of the sevice, talked about the weather and went home. My enthusiasm, however, went with me. I walked on air. It seemed to me that the pendulum was swinging decidedly toward the side of reason, logic, light. In ever increasing numbers I could see people come back to the Church, a new Church which is teaching a new and higher conception of Christianity based on a clearer understanding of the Bible, a new Church which no longer teaches sixteenth century doctrine to twentieth century minds.

Then came the reaction. I remembered that I had been in a church of a denomination which allows to its ministers the widest possible latitude in interpretation of doctrinal points, that the man who had inspired me had raised his voice as one crying in the wilderness. I remembered too my experience in the men's class of that same church when Moses was discussed, Moses, that epic character, that statesman of gigantic proportions, that powerful instrument for the spreading of a mighty conception of the one God, that farseeing founder of a nation who struck the first blows against the worship of countless tribal gods. Here was a theme to enthuse over, a master mind to be studied, the very beginnings of our modern conception of the higher power to be analyzed. Higher criticism, modern Bible research, have given us in Moses a man of imperishable beauty of character, but as far as the majority of men's classes and Sunday schools as a whole is concerned our knowledge of the interest and purpose of the Bible stopped with that of the medieval monks who argued as to the number of angels who could dance on the point of a needle. Thus this particular men's class, like countless others, argues whether Moses was justified in slaying the Egyptian taskmaster, why he struck the rock twice, how much time he spent on Mount Sinai and so forth. To them Moses is an earlier issue of Billy Sunday and Dowie rolled into one. They fail to see in his character that which has power to grip men's souls, that which shapes the destinies of nations, that which puts "Finis" to one epoch and begins in indelible letters the inscriptions on the first page of the book of a new and greater phase in the development of mankind. Thus the mission of Christianity is befogged, meaningless details cover up the main issues, starvation fare is offered where a banquet is available and Men's Classes are negligible as far as their influence is

concerned, churches are all but empty, religion is more of a polite accomplishment than a virile, living force.

The question arises why should these contentions which to a Universalist should be self-evident, be made in a Universalist journal.

The answer may well be a series of other questions. Are they self-evident to many Universalists? Does the Universalist Sunday school prepare the minds of the young so that they actually feel the truths contained in the five points of Universalist doctrine, so that they are Universalists not simply because they were born into a Universalist family but because their reason compels them to be? Or are they simply taught a few names, a few statistics, a few psalms, a few hymns without correlating them to modern thought and needs?

The Bible is filled with beauty from cover to cover. Taken as literature pure and simple it is unsurpassed. The modern philosopher, the sociologist, the economist, the statesman, they all may go to the Bible and learn, not alone because it teaches love, the solution of all earthly problems, but because all of their problems have there been dealt with in connection with a people which were very human and by no means fully imbued with the spirit of love. Does the child obtain this view of the Bible any more in a Universalist Sunday school than in that of any other Protestant church?

It seems to me there is a lack of co-operation between the pulpit and the Sunday school. The child in the average Sunday school is taught the Bible from a standpoint and by methods which have been antiquated long ago. Long before it reaches the age of clear understanding, long before it comes under the influence of the pulpit, a revolt has set in against a God who commanded his people to slay this tribe or that, against the spirit which apparently condones the devouring by bears of a group of thoughtless children because they mocked a baldheaded old gentleman. This spirit of revolt grows until it drives the adolescent youth out of the church with its soul starved in the midst of plenty.

It can not be denied that at heart every living person longs to "believe," feels and acknowledges there is a power beyond his actual physical conception, a power by which our conduct toward each other must be regulated. The Bible tells us how this longing has expressed itself from the time of "an eye for an eye" to "love thy neighbor as thyself." Between the two there is recited romance, drama, history of soul-stirring interest, poetry of matchless beauty. There is no more fascinating study for child or youth, for men or women. But it must be done in the spirit of the twentieth century, brought in line with the modern thought emanating from the pulpit. The adolescent youth must not be brought to feel that his reasoning powers have been betrayed. It must be done if the exodus of youth from the church is to be stayed, if the interest of modern men is to be retained.

We are in the midst of a mighty revolution of thought concerning things spiritual. The rumblings of the conflict come nearer and nearer. Unfortunately the Protestant Church appears unwilling to take a decided stand for or against the so-called fundamentalists, for or against the modernists. All possible latitude is allowed to individual ministers, the growling of the bitter enders notwithstanding, but the layman, with few exceptions, is left in the dark as to where the Church really stands. There was a time, about the middle of the last century, when progress in spiritual thought came from the pews rather than from the pulpit, when the ministers were hard put to it to keep abreast with the layman's advancement. That was a period when theological questions were discussed in the home, when people had ample time to devote to the study of the latest theories in the scientific as well as the spiritual world. That time is past. The rush and hurry of the modern world where epoch making discoveries in every field of human endeavor follow on each other's heels and are taken as a matter of course, appear to have made men regardless of everything which does not add to their material comfort.

There is a potential force which, if awakened, may be elemental in its strength. It rests with the Church to call it to life. The most important point of attack is the Sunday school, including men's classes. There the Bible should be studied from the standpoint of modern thought, its virility, life, magnetism brought out.

Point out to men that the ten commandments are not only good rules to live by but that their insistence on the protection of life, property, family is absolutely essential to the perpetuation of society in any form at any age.

This viewpoint, for instance, will bring out the personality of Moses as that of a flesh and blood man, if for no other reason than that it will stamp him as one of the world's foremost statesmen. Point out how the Bible throughout the Old Testament records the advancement of thought in every field and how this upward travel culminated in the matchless teachings of Christ.

Teach the young to study the Bible in this light, not that of the theologian, but that of the statesman, sociologist, economist, philosopher, and they will come to take pride in their knowledge, realizing that they are studying not abstract theories but the acknowledged fundamentals of society. Show them that clear thinking along those lines has lifted the world out of barbarism, that in days gone by real flesh and blood men have given their lives in countless numbers in order that a misconception of the Bible's teachings, one which kept nations in mental and spiritual darkness, might be put down. Create the conviction that the purpose of Christian teaching and Christian living is not to escape a mythical punishment after death, but to make this world fit to live in, a real man's job. Make Christianity real, lift it out of the realm of abstract theology and speculation into the sphere of the world's most fundamental activities.

To accomplish this the latitude of the pulpit should be circumscribed, the layman should be made to feel, to know definitely that the modern church stands for modern interpretation. If this is done in spirit and in truth the lassitude of the layman will disappear as the morning mists before the sun, giving way to a glorious day of light and everlasting life.

A Twentieth-Century Pilgrimage

Elizabeth M. Lee

FROM time immemorial it has been the habit of man to take journeys and make pilgrimages in the name of his religion or his beliefs. The devout Mohammedan turns to Mecca as his goal; the man of India travels miles to reach the sacred Ganges, there to purify his body and soul of all sin; the Catholic turns to Lourdes and the miraculous water to bring strength and health to crippled limbs. Every faith has its particular shrines, and all these shrines work miracles, sometimes seen, sometimes unseen, but always beautiful. Universalists are no different from other believers, although the benefits which we derive from visiting our shrines are not as material as those accomplished in the grotto of Lourdes. But who has visited Ferry Beach without finding spiritual healing and help from the pine woods, where the ocean echoes come faintly? Who has passed along the avenue of trees which leads to the stately white church in Gloucester without feeling a sense of renewed appreciation of the beauty and the dignity of the Universalist faith?

So on one of the rarest of rare June days—the very first day of the month—a pilgrimage was made to

CLARA BARTON BIRTHPLACE

Oxford, one of the shrines, the home of the oldest Universalist church in the world, and the birthplace of the Angel of the Battlefields, Clara Barton. There were no heralds to go before this band of pilgrims to proclaim their coming; we carried no staffs, nor did we wear shells upon our hats as tokens of our previous journeys; the trip was undertaken in the possibly prosaic but certainly very convenient manner of travel which is the habit of to-day; a group of automobiles—which included two trucks, in which rapturous boys were caged like so many good-natured monkeys—set out from Melrose on Sunday morning. Perhaps, as we passed the churches on the way, we received reproving glances from those who were entering the church doors. But we consoled ourselves with the reflection that although we had all the appearance of Sabbath-breakers, we were really very much more pious than the rest, for who in these days, except earnest and devout pilgrims, would make a journey of three hours simply for the sake of going to church?

The road was full of pictures; pink apple blossoms vied with the flaunting yellow of the buttercups, and the lilacs have never been so lovely as this year. Our way led us through the little towns where the Minute Men arose in answer to a call; past the Wayside Inn, with its visions of the children's poet; out through Northboro and Southboro, to Shrewsbury, and finally through Worcester to North Oxford, a few miles beyond the city. Up a country road, deep-bordered with trees and bushes, climbing a steady hill, we came at last to the little white house which means so much to us all. Across the road from it the apple-orchards were a riot of beauty; the big green hill rose high above us; down here the little house stood quiet and serene, yet giving to us a hint of its history in the stone path which led to the door, the quaint brass knocker, and the uneven floors within.

There is a little cubby-hole—it can not be dignified by the name of closet—under the stairs, and great was the disappointment of some of the younger members of the party when we found out it was only a cupboard, and had never been used to shelter runaway slaves or to hide the children from the Indians. The house is furnished with old-fashioned things throughout, the only modern addition being the electric lights, and even these are made in the form of candles, to keep the illusion. We saw the room where Clara Barton was born, the little trundle-bed which had been used in her family, her little doll's chair, and her desk, which had been her constant companion in her busy days of nursing on the battlefields.

The room of her birth was the center of an interesting and touching ceremony on this last Memorial Day, when the children of Oxford—practically all of foreign parentage—came to the home and, in her memory, laid each one a flower on the bed as they filed through.

We climbed the big hill to find our dining-room—and such a view! On three sides of us the country stretched away, with meadows and orchards and here and there a glimpse of brooks; our own hill was so high that one side of the view was shut away from us, but the carpet of tiny bluets and clover more than made up for missing only one bit of the surrounding country. We could not help wondering how often the lady of the little white house had climbed this hill and looked far away to the mountains beyond, and we wondered if they looked to her, as to us, the Beautiful Mountains.

The last resting-place of the Angel of the Battlefields is in the quiet cemetery which was founded by her brother, and it is marked by a plain white shaft, surmounted with a red granite cross. On the larger stone is the record of her wonderful life—she who was born on Christmas Day, 1821, and died on Easter Sunday of 1912: "The Civil War, 1861-1865; Franco-Prussian War, 1870-1871; Spanish-American War, 1898; Organizer and President of the American Red Cross,1881-1904." We had brought some flowers as a little tribute, and the minister from Melrose said a brief prayer, while the members of the Clara Barton Guilds of Melrose stood around the grave of their leaders, with clasped hands.

Then to the church by the side of the road, up

the stairs to the auditorium, with its old-fashioned seats and high pulpit, where we read, set in letters of gilt upon white marble, "I am set for the defense of the Gospel," and, underneath it, the picture of Hosea Ballou. Here, in this oldest church, we had our service of worship. The president of the young men's class of Melrose conducted the service, with the reading of a poem by the leader of the Junior Clara Barton Guild, and the brief address by Mr. Lewis, who said in part:

"To-day there comes to my mind the name of one whose contribution to Universalism made it possible for that faith to give Clara Barton to the world. This one man, more than any other, gave shape and clearness to Universalist thought about God, about Christ, about man, about duty, and about destiny. I believe that Hosea Ballou was the greatest man in the history of the Universalist Church, and Hosea Ballou received his call and was later ordained to the ministry of the larger faith here in this Oxford church.

"Not all of the romance of Universalism centers around the figure of John Murray. About the time Murray was preaching his first sermon in America, Hosea Ballou was born on a little woods farm in Richmond, New Hampshire, the youngest of eleven children, son of a Baptist minister. It was a home where all worked, and schooling, save for a very few weeks each year, was impossible, but it was a home atmosphere of high thinking, and intelligence of an exalted type was encouraged. The religion of the home, as you would expect, was Calvinism, a rigid Orthodoxy, and Hosea Ballou's father, like the men of his time, tried to impress the Calvinistic ideas upon the mind of his son, but I doubt if Hosea Ballou could ever have been anything but a Universalist. He was baptized at the age of nineteen into his father's church, but the new fellowship did not bring peace. He must think, and to really think about the theology of that day did not make for peace—it made for madness.

"He turned to a deep and intensive study of the Bible, and found there the beginnings of his Universalist faith. In 1791 the first Convention of Universalist Churches was held here in Oxford, and Hosea attended its sessions, unknown and unnoticed, this man who was to be the most important figure in Universalist history and the future Church. But think what it must have meant to him—how he must have thrilled as he listened to John Murray, Caleb Rich, and Elhanan Winchester proclaim the faith to which he had thought his way through! Their words awakened within him a desire to preach the great gospel; Hosea Ballou had received his call to the Christian ministry.

"In 1794 he attended another Universalist Convention in the Oxford church. This time he was better known; many present had heard him preach, and several new parishes were reported as having been established by him. The closing sermon was preached by Elhanan Winchester, while in the pulpit with him were Jacob Young and Hosea Ballou. Then occurred one of the most dramatic events in our history. Mr. Winchester was often inspired, and this day was speaking of our splendid faith, the new fields open before our Church, and the urgent need for reapers in these whitening harvest fields. As he went on his words began to sound like an ordination sermon, and at the climax of his eloquence he grasped the Bible, pressed it against Hosea Ballou's breast, and said, 'Brother Ballou, I press to your breast the written Jehovah.' Then turning to the other occupant of the pulpit, he said, 'Charge him, Brother Young.' Upon which Jacob Young quickly rose and said, 'I charge you, young brother, preach the word.' The congregation was deeply moved, and every one present endorsed this unexpected and rather impromptu ordination.

"So Hosea Ballou laid the foundation for modern Universalism; and not only for our Church, but for all those who are able and willing to think things through, who seek for the truth and are willing to follow it wherever it may lead them—and it can only lead them back to God."

Our last song was "Onward, Christian Soldiers," a true Crusaders' hymn. Our pilgrimage was over; we could return victorious; we had reached our goal and we were made content, and healed. The longer shadows were falling as we turned homewards; but as we looked back along the road, for a long distance we could still see the red cross gleaming in the sun; we could still see the little friendly farms and trees; and we can never lose the benediction of her spirit, which came to us that day.

Family Pride*

Grace F. White

ONE might confidently venture the assertion that in each one of us there is a bit of personal pride, whether warranted or not.

One is proud of good looks, another of fine clothes, a third of wealth, yet another of official connection with affairs, civic and social—and such pride is not to be altogether condemned as unworthy, particularly if there is a song of gratitude to the Giver who makes possible to us every desirable gift.

Each one among us knows from personal experience the feeling of family pride. Members one of another, if one suffers, all suffer; if one rejoices, all rejoice. All share in the accomplishment, the prestige, the particular excellence of any one member.

If children grow to make homes for themselves in distant parts, no least detail of home life is unwelcome. If visits are forbidden by time and circumstance, the smallest item of news is eagerly desired. How they are housed, who are their neighbors, what church they attend, how they are succeeding in school, in business, in society, contribute to the satisfaction of what we call family pride.

But there is a stronger family connection yet. One is our Father, even God, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named. We are children, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ who came to show us his Father and our Father and to be the way

*An address before the Woman's Universalist Missionary Society of Massachusetts at Springfield.

and the truth and the life, to lead us to Him—joint heirs with Christ of the Kingdom of heaven.

If we would pause occasionally, and reverently, to consider our lineage, our inheritance, our destiny, would anything unworthy and less than our best invite or hold us in word or deed?

Would not family pride nerve us to noblest endeavor to do no discredit to our ancestry or to our high calling, but to lift all our concerns above the commonplace, and to dignify them and ourselves by an apprehension of the truth as to our happy estate?

The family name Christian is ours, if we avail ourselves of our inheritance. There are millions that name the name of Christ, divided into larger and smaller companies, who elect to indicate their particular differences by diverse terms, but who are all striving to grow into the measure of the stature of the fulness of the perfect Son of God, and to hasten the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven into the hearts and minds of men everywhere, until all shall know and love the Lord.

Our Universalist name is very dear to us. We are justly proud of our history, our leaders, our achievements. We are grateful and glad for our interpretation of the will of God as revealed in the Book of Books.

Would it not be well for us to examine ourselves as to our intelligence, as members of this family of Christians, concerning our own family affairs?

How old is Universalism? If you ask me, I answer, in all reverence, that the final harmony of all souls was in the mind of God when He created man in His image and gave to him the gift of immortality, emphasis being given to the patriarch Abraham in the promise that in him should all the families of the earth be blessed.

But where may we find the reason for the faith of our fathers?

Study the Bible, the history of the early Church, the many books so easily secured at Universalist Headquarters, concerning John Murray, Hosea Ballou and other brave soldiers of the Cross who dared to proclaim a perfect God and a victorious Christ.

For current news, for up-to-date happenings, for instruction and uplift and challenge, read our *Universalist Leader* from week to week.

How can we boast unless we know of what we are proud, unless we have an intelligent self-respect that compels us to be wise as to our Church government, our schools and colleges, our missions, our philanthropies, our moneys, our officers, our scholars, our clergymen, our missionaries, our immediate contemporaries who live and love and labor for the extension and uplift and maintenance of our particular branch of the Christian family?

Opportunities for conference at our Church Conventions and public meetings are frequent. Annual reports of State and National Conventions are illuminating. Leaflet literature, so generously at our disposal, simply for the asking, is informing and suggestive.

An intimate acquaintance with matters personal to us as individuals may warrant the pride which we assume to ourselves.

The compelling power of family relations insists upon intelligence and co-operation that we may contribute our share to an honorable pride of family.

The revelation of our spiritual kinship involves cultivation of our finest qualities, that we may approach such excellence that pride becomes the result and the accompaniment of our Christian endeavor.

When we devote ourselves to the study and practise of our Universalism, our intelligence will increase our interest, our interest will cause us to be generous in our giving—not only of money, but of time and strength, of service and self.

Then shall our family pride be justified, when we contribute of our lives to the excellence which we claim for the faith we profess, and for the works which accompany our profession.

"The New Decalogue of Science"

Byron A. Mead

THE *Leader* of March 1 contained an enthusiastic *resume* of Albert E. Wiggam's recent book which, judging by the quotations, could well have been entitled "The Apotheosis of the Laboratory." According to Mr. Wiggam we must look to biology and the scientific laboratory in the future for our ethics and whatever can ennoble man if the human race is to progress. "The Golden Rule without science will wreck the world that tries it," said the author. Very well: Science without the Golden Rule is responsible for the confused state of affairs in the world to-day. Readers may take their choice. "The world is filled as never before with the spirit of Christ. What men lack is not the spirit of Christ, but a technical method of putting it into effect." Is it certain that Mr. Wiggam comprehends what the spirit of Christ is, and what true brotherhood means?

But I started to make a brief comment on one particular question: "If you accept with me the simple, common sense explanation as to how man was first created, namely, the theory of evolution, it is perfectly evident that at one time man had scarcely more brains than his anthropoid cousins the apes. But by kicking, biting, fighting, outmaneuvering and outwitting his enemies, and by the fact that the ones who had not the sense and brains to do this were killed off, man's brain became enormous and he waxed both in wisdom and agility if not in size and morals." That is a sample of much smart writing that passes current for science to-day. Evolution has presented no evidence to show that struggle for existence and survival of the fittest, strongest or craftiest, have had any effect on the size of man's brain or have increased his mental capacity.

Naturalists themselves have never been able to furnish us an accurate physical standard or comparison of intelligence. Dr. Smith Jelliffe states that "while man has the most complex brain he has not the heaviest, although in comparison with his size it is the heaviest. Weight of brains, however, has no direct

relation with intelligence, as idiot's brains are known that have weighed as much as those of the ablest men. Intellectual capacity consists in the great multiplicity of nerve cell connections. It might also be added that the shape and size of the outside skull bears no constant relation to the shape and size of the inside brain." According to analyses made by M. Broca during the first evolution controversy the weight of brain in proportion to height and weight was 2 to 47 in man; 1 to 28 in the striated monkey; 1 to 14 in the canary; 1 to 500 in the elephant. Such comparison would make the canary far more intelligent than man and the striated monkey about equal to modern man. Dr. Tozzer, professor of anthropology at Harvard, in a recent course of lectures on "Social Origins and Social Continuities" at the Lowell Institute, said: "There seems little doubt that the brain weight of the whites is larger than most other races, but there is no individual correlation between size and weight of brain and intelligence except in pathological cases. As a matter of fact the Eskimo seems to have the largest head among the living people and the Cro-Magnon race far exceeds in head capacity any modern peoples."

When we get back to the Cro-Magnon race we are among the primitive cave-dwellers of Europe. Therefore as far as actual, early, physical testimony is concerned it favors the theory that man has always had a brain of normal size and that man's evolution is the development by use of the faculties with which he was endowed. Those of us who reverence science for what it is accomplishing in its sphere but who do not care to elevate the laboratory to the pinnacle furnished by Mr. Wiggam will prefer Professor Tozzer as a guide. In his lectures he said: "Human society is not based upon organic structure derived from non-human animals. The inter-action of mind upon mind, the ability to discuss, to interchange ideas, to think, are fundamental in human society. Its structure is mental, so the psychological basis is the only proper one for our examination of the origin of human associations. Formerly society was explained in terms taken from biology—function, structure, heredity, variation—and now such terms as social mind, desire, volition, sympathy, consciousness and will are most commonly used to describe certain phases of human associations. It is practically impossible to separate the inherent endowment of man from the benefits or lack of benefits derived from the cultural, the social and the environment factors, the acquired traits from the inherited. This difficulty is especially aggravated when it comes to man's mentality."

* * *

ON THE WAY HOME

Samuel Gilbert Ayres

WE have reached the Red Sea after more than a month's sailing. Until we reached Manila it was comfortable, but since it has been very warm. All through the tropics it was red hot. Fortunately we have not had to exert ourselves very much. On board ship we sit on deck reading and visiting, and when we get off we ride about in autos.

We have seen many strange sights, and all sorts of peoples. The Westerner fails to find among the natives any of the energy or initiative so pronounced in his part of the world. For the most part the Chinese, the Filipino, the Malay, are lazy and indifferent to what we believe makes life worth living. Wherever one finds progress he finds back of it English, Dutch or American brains. The natives make some pretty artistic things, but they represent slow, hard labor. The land all through the tropics is very fertile, but unless Westerners are using it it only produces a few cocoanuts, pineapples or bananas. The native may add to these a small rice field. When he has these he is satisfied, doing but little work and lying around most of the time. He resembles the predominant type found among our Southern negroes—lazy, care-free, happy, shiftless.

On a trip like this one is compelled to take off his hat to the English. They have done splendid things and wherever one goes he finds fine buildings, good streets, excellent sanitation, largely due to England's representatives. True, the Englishman may have done this to make life pleasant and safe for himself, but in doing it he has greatly blessed the native and the visitor.

This will be our longest stretch in the ship. We left Colombo last Friday and do not reach Suez until Monday night. While our ship goes on to Alexandria we take a trip to Cairo and the Pyramids. We start again on Thursday, and are due in Naples Sunday a. m. We shall be glad to have some weeks on shore, for after six weeks on a boat one feels the necessity of a change. I miss greatly some good exercise, for while one can walk on deck it has been altogether too hot for deck sports. A couple of sets of tennis is what I should like to try when we get ashore, but I am afraid that anything of that kind will have to wait until we are home and settled.

I have been doing some preaching here on the boat. Each Sunday we have had a service, and as I am the only clergyman on board I have been drafted into the harness. We do not get a great many to attend, but those who do come seem pleased. I certainly enjoy the unique experience of preaching without an interpreter. It is almost the first time in five years that my tongue has been really loose in public speech when I have not been compelled to follow a carefully prepared sermon. I have greatly enjoyed it.

We have had no letters since we left Japan. I hope that we may find some when we reach Italy. I presume that all is going well in Japan, and I trust that things are moving forward in the Church at home.

S. S. President Garfield, May 9.

* * *

A DANGEROUS ERROR

R. S. Kellerman

IF it were necessary for "orthodoxy" to be more orthodox than the Bible, and for "fundamentalism" to be more fundamental than the Holy Scriptures, the palm should be awarded to a Presbyterian Assembly at San Antonio, Texas, that passed an enlightening resolution on May 21, 1924, expounding the truth in detail about the divine origin of man.

The resolution declares that "Adam and Eve were created body and soul by immediate acts of Almighty

Power, thereby preserving race unity, and that Adam's body was directly fashioned by Almighty God without any natural animal parentage of any kind, out of matter previously created out of nothing."

I am so glad to learn at last this most important truth. The Universalist fathers have been very backward in coming forward to tell us just how it was done. That has now been settled by our Texas brethren. I have for a long time felt that God did not make it quite plain when He told Moses how He had created Adam, as is recorded in Genesis—particularly Adam, not Eve, for it is plain enough that in making her, God just knocked a hole in Adam's side, and took a rib and twisted it into her, but making Adam, that was different. Adam was first. There was no pattern to guide God. God left some things for Texas to tell us. I now understand how He preserved the "race unity" of man a whole lot better, but I am still a little hazy about the truth of the resemblance of the body of Adam to the type of some of the other animals. But probably they will clear this up before long. And I also understand what a "dangerous error" evolution is. Thanks, Brothers.

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OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS FOR THE NEAR EAST RELIEF

THE philanthropic offering of Universalist Sunday schools, centering about Christmas, continues throughout the year. The *Leader* for March 1 contained a list of the contributions made between Oct. 1 and Feb. 1, a list that brought glowing words of appreciation from the officers of the Near East Relief to whom the money had been sent. We now announce the gifts received between Feb. 1 and May 1. Friends should remember that these are contributions from Sunday schools and are not to be confused with those sent to the General Convention by other organizations or by individuals. The supplemental list at the close names some payments made to the New York office by Universalist Sunday schools and reported to the General Sunday School Association. There have been scores of such payments, undoubtedly, of which we never have learned—enough to make this year's total equal to that of any other offering. The persistence of our Sunday schools in this work for the sufferers across the waters is a most happy augury for the Universalist Church.

Atlanta, Ga.	$ 2.80
Alstead, N. H., add.	1.00
Augusta, Me.	15.00
Bellows Falls, Vt.	10.00
Beverly, Mass.	11.03
Brattleboro, Vt.	60.00
Brookline, Mass., add.	8.00
Brookline, Mass., Miss White, adop.	15.00
Brooklyn, N. Y., Good Tidings	7.05
Buffalo, N. Y., First	133.27
Central Square, N. Y.	1.00
Chicago, Ill., St. Paul's	77.20
Cincinnati, Ohio	115.83
Concord, Mich.	5.00
Elgin, Ill.	15.00
Felchville, Vt.	8.00
Fork River, W. Va.	11.00
Framingham, Mass.	3.67
Galveston, Ind.	7.50
Guilford, Me.	60.00
Lansing, Mich.	13.00
Little Falls, N. Y.	17.00
Lowell, Mass., Grace	25.00
Lynn, Mass., add.	.17
Manchester, H. N.	31.60
Methuen, Mass., add.	1.00
Minneapolis, Minn., Redeemer	57.11
Mukwonago, Wis.	5.00
Nashua, N. H.	42.63
New Haven, Conn., add.	20.25
Newark, N. J.	8.63
North Adams, Mass.	25.00
Oakland, Cal.	7.32
Orange, Mass.	4.50
Pennsylvania Convention Church, H. D., add.	4.50
Providence, R. I., Mediator	27.54
Quincy, Mass.	3.52
Salem, Mass.	103.02
Saugus, Mass., add.	7.86
Sharpsburg, Illinois	2.52
South Weymouth, Mass.	10.00
Southbridge, Mass., add.	10.00
Somerville, Mass., add., adop.	5.00
Springfield, Mass., Second	1.79
Stamford, Conn., add.	28.25
Suffolk, Virginia	5.05
Waltham, Mass.	25.00
Waterloo, Iowa	35.40
Weymouth, Mass., First	5.00
Wilmington, Vt.	11.42
Watertown, N. Y., All Souls Guild, adop.	15.00
Pasadena, Cal.	32.00
	$1,160.45
Previously reported	5,343.25
	$6,503.70
Supplemental list (paid direct):	
Cooperstown, N. Y.	67.00
Livermore Falls, Me.	10.00
Fitchburg, Mass.	19.71
Cambridge, Mass., add.	60.00
Total	$6,660.41

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FOR MR. NASH TO PONDER

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

In respect to Mr. Nash's millions and the replies to his question, "What to do with a million dollars," there seems to be a phase of the question not yet referred to, as far as my observation goes.

The man who considers Mr. Nash's remarks as to the propriety of owning a million dollars an impertinence evidently has a conscience which has been quickened by the discussion—a good sign.

The person who writes that the millions come to Mr. Nash through the efforts of his workers solely is not altogether right, for every one whose efforts directly or indirectly help to that end is not comprehended in his working force. The industry would get nothing if the public did not buy the output.

Now the workers in this factory are well satisfied with the reward of their labor, but what of those who are not therein directly employed, but are engaged in producing the raw materials, machinery, lumber, coal and other supplies required—the men of brains whose ability has made this business possible?

This line of thought carried out to its ultimate conclusion will carry us back to the public, Mr. Nash's public, the public that buys the output and from which he obtains his supplies. He can best recognize their contribution to his success by lowering his selling price and (allowing his buyers a generous profit) fixing prices at which his product shall be sold to the public. By so doing Mr. Nash need no longer be annoyed by prodigious profits.

The person who by any means secures a monopoly or near monopoly of the production of a prime necessity of life and modern civilization is not justified in taxing the public to provide endowment for pet religious, educational, scientific or charitable institutions.

In such cases (and there are notable persons doing just this) the person gets all the praise and is surely not entitled to it. The public provides the money, and I, personally, would prefer not to be assessed for such purposes, but to use the money so taken from me for benefactions more to my inclination.

Of course, the moral and ethical phase of this question is the one under discussion, but Mr. Nash's troubles can be eased in practical ways which are not unmoral or unethical, and hundreds of good people there are who can tell him how to do it.

Reader.

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WE HOPE TO KEEP MOVING

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

A few days ago I came across a remarkable paragraph on war and am sending the same for use in the *Leader* if it appeals to you as it has appealed to me.

I desire to say that the *Leader* has found itself.

It has recognized that the function of the Universalist Church is to pioneer, to blaze the way, and our Church fell down in growth and development at the moment it stopped for the world to catch up. For two decades we compromised, hedged, used orthodox terms, etc., hoping thereby to have closer union with other denominations, only to find that it got us nowhere. Our function is to lead, is to keep ahead, and to stimulate thought to leaven the whole lump. We may become great numerically, but if we do it will not be "by whooping it up, boys," but by giving the people something besides husks.

May you keep up the good work, and edit mercilessly the rubbish that too often for sentimental or personal reasons clutters up the columns of our press.

Very truly,

Frank Blackford.

* * *

BEST SERMONS OF 1923

Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, pastor of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City, late of the City Temple, London, author of "Living Masters of the Pulpit," and on the editorial board of the *Christian Century*, has undertaken to edit an annual volume, Best Sermons of 1923, 1924, etc., to be published by Harcourt, Brace and Company of New York.

People are really thinking about religion, and there is an extraordinary interest on the part of the public in books of a religious nature, which also have a claim on attention as works of art. This interest has spread far beyond denominational circles. Such a book as Papini's "Life of Christ" has been read in the homes of thousands of non-church-going people.

The art of the sermon has developed to a remarkable extent in America, and since the war there has been a real change in the problem of the clergyman in connection with his weekly sermon. There are almost as many sermons printed as short stories, and of course there are many more written. It is the intention of the editor and the publisher to make this volume standard in its field in an even wider sense than the annual collections of best short stories, best poems, and best moving pictures. It is sure to appeal to the clergy and to church people, but its widest appeal perhaps is to the laymen who do not go to church regularly but who will be interested in the best religious productions of their time.

The collection is to be open to all American creeds and denominations—to modernist, fundamentalist, to "gospel" sermons, to doctrinal expositions, to sermons concerned with social conditions and the everyday vicissitudes of human life, and to discussions of the great questions of human destiny. The decision as to inclusion in the volume will depend on a judgment of each sermon as a living work of art of real human appeal. Dr. Newton and his assistants are making a systematic search for material for the first volume, which will be published in September. He will, of course, welcome suggestions and contributions from any source, and he may be addressed at 76th Street and Central Park West, New York City.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Pop-Corn Trees

The little sister of the daughter of the daughter of Keturah hath seen two Springs before this one, but she did not pay much attention to them. This year, however, it was Different. For the Grass grew where there had been Snow or Bare Ground. And she could not well keep on the Side Walk, for she said, I want to walk on the Flowers. For the Grass was as it were Flowers to her. And when the Dandelions grew in the Grass, she ran and plucked them, and came with Joy and said that they were Beautiful. And so they are. If it were difficult to raise them instead of being Inevitable, how should we admire a Green Lawn plentifully sprinkled with the Golden Multiform Blossoms of the Dandelion. For this I learned long ago, that every petal in the Dandelion is a Flower, so that every Dandelion is an hundred Flowers. And there are few Flowers more wonderful, or more beautiful, save peradventure it be Indian Corn with its Proud Tassel, its Delicate Silk to catch the Pollen, and its marvelous wealth of fruitage in the long, straight Ear.

But when the Cherry Trees came into bloom, then did the little maiden dance about them for joy.

And she called them by a name that was all her own.

She called them the Pop-Corn Trees.

For she had witnessed the Popping of Corn, how the little, hard Kernel breaketh forth into sudden Enlargement and Beauty. And she felt of the hard little buds that had not yet bloomed, and beheld those that were in blossom and she called them the Pop-Corn Trees.

For children do use the things they know to describe the things that newly arrive in their experience. And so do we. For there is not in all our language any word of the Mind or Soul that was not first a word of the Body. First are the things Physical and then the things Spiritual, and we use the one to interpret the other.

Now I like the word that the little maiden spake, even as I like many things that she speaketh and doeth. And I thought of her speech of the Pop-Corn Trees.

Beloved, Life is a great Pop-Corn Tree. But there be some Buds on that Tree, that is to say there be Men Folk and Women Folk who never burst the Bud of their own Selfish Existence and break forth into bloom. And their lives would be more beautiful and would bear more fruit if they could learn the lesson of the Pop-Corn Tree.

For the little maiden saith, Grandpa, what happens to the Little Pop-Corn Kernels on the Tree that do not Pop?

And the answer that I gave unto her would apply equally well to Folks.

Home and Children

GOD BE WITH US

The day is long and the day is hard,
We are tired of the march and of keeping guard;
Tired of the sense of a fight to be won,
Of days to live through and of work to be done,
Tired of ourselves and of being alone:
Yet all the while, did we only see,
We walk in the Lord's own company;
We fight, but 'tis He who nerves our arm;
He turns the arrows that else might harm,
And out of the storm He brings a calm;
And the work that we count so hard to do,
He makes it easy, for He works, too;
And the days that seem long to live are His,
A bit of His bright eternities;
And close to our need His helping is.

Susan Coolidge.

* * *

HOUSEKEEPING

PATTY stood by the kitchen window, cuddling Daffodil, a soft, yellow kitten, and dreaming about the story that she had been reading.

"Patty! Patty!" called mother from the pantry; "come, child, why don't you get to work? It's almost school time."

Patty jumped and looked at the clock. "Yes, mother," she replied as she dropped Daffodil and hastily tied on her blue checked gingham apron. Armed with dust cloth and mop, she made a dash for the living room, where in a desperate hurry to make up for lost time she began flourishing the mop over the hardwood floor.

But everything went wrong. Daffodil, who had followed her, persisted in chasing the mop till Patty was forced to take her to the kitchen; there, Daffodil begged for a drink; after that the postman rang, and Patty had to see if there was anything for her.

"I shan't be able to clean under the couch today, either," she said with a frown. "It would make me late. But it'll never show, and one day more won't make any difference. I will surely do it tomorrow, though," she promised herself.

Patty shoved the dust still farther under the couch and pulled the front edge of the cover down a little nearer the floor; then she turned her attention to the polished furniture, where you could write your name on even one day's dust. "I must be sure to do the things that count," she said. For five whole days now she hadn't found time to clean the places where the dust didn't show. She had begun too late. There were so many pleasanter things to take up the minutes before school.

Yet Patty was ambitious to become a good housekeeper while she was still a little girl. Sometimes it was fun; it was fun, for example, baking frosted cup cakes, which she had done yesterday for supper. But she didn't like dusting, though mother said that it was quite as important as cooking and had given over the living room to her charge for one whole week.

That afternoon when Patty came in from school she heard some one talking in the next room. "It's Cousin Matilda Morehouse," she whispered to Daffodil, who came scampering to meet her. "She'll be sure to stay to tea, and we'll have the rest of the frosted cup cakes. Then mother will tell how I made them 'most all myself, and Cousin Matilda will believe I'm getting to be as fine a housekeeper as she was when she was my age—as she's always saying."

"Well, how that child does grow!" exclaimed the visitor as Patty slipped shyly into the living room with Daffodil in her arms. "I do hope, Sally," she remarked crisply, turning to Patty's mother, "that you are training her up to work. Why, when I was her age, my mother called me her right-hand maid."

"Patty is getting to be my little right-hand maid too," said mother as she sent a proud smile in Patty's direction.

Cousin Matilda nodded her head rather doubtfully as much as to say, "I haven't seen any particular signs of it yet." But Patty's cheeks grew rosy with pleasure at mother's praise, and it seemed to her that she couldn't wait till tea time when Cousin Matilda could sample the cup cakes and find out for herself.

"Clickity-click, clickity-click," went Cousin Matilda's bright knitting needles. Patty dropped Daffodil and sidled up close to watch the soft, sky-blue worsted growing into a beautiful carriage robe for Cousin Matilda's brand-new baby nephew. Cousin Matilda had on a spick-and-span white apron so that not a bit of dust came off her dress on the dainty robe. Patty longed to feel the lovely, fluffy baby thing, but she didn't dare, for she was not sure that her hands were as clean as that snowy white apron. And, standing there with her fingers clasped behind her, she tried to picture the prim, spotless Cousin Matilda as once a real, live little girl who sometimes rumpled or soiled her clothes; but she couldn't imagine it.

"Please, daughter, will you go to my room and get my embroidery bag?" asked mother presently.

Patty hastened to obey; she had, however, barely crossed the hall when she heard a sudden exclamation from Cousin Matilda. She turned back to see what was the matter.

"Ugh!" grunted that dignified lady again, with a wry face. "A horrid cramp in my foot!" She gave a vigorous jerk of her knee, and off from her spick-and-span white apron tumbled the sky-blue worsted ball, down to the rug and the hard-wood floor and sped gayly on—straight for the couch!

Cousin Matilda and mother were so occupied with the cramp that they did not notice. But Patty, helpless and miserable, stood watching from the hall door. Before she could possibly reach it the ball would be far under the couch, deep in all that five days' dust; its lovely sky-blue all smudged over with the tell tale, ugly brown fuzz! A hundred cup cakes could not save her now from disgrace in Cousin Matilda's eyes, for of course Patty must confess the truth!

Then, like a streak of yellow lightning, from behind the morris chair darted Daffodil in hot pursuit of the pretty plaything! And just as it was about to disappear beneath the couch while Patty held her breath Daffodil pawed it back instead of under and saved the day for her wretched little mistress.

"Oh, you naughty, naughty kitten!" scolded Cousin Matilda in a shocked voice while mother went chasing after Daffodil and the ball.

"Oh, you darling, precious kitten!" murmured grateful Patty as she caught up Daffodil, now robbed of her plaything, and fled up stairs on the interrupted errand.

There, seated on the edge of mother's bed, for a moment she hid her face in Daffodil's soft fur and did a little thinking.

"But just watch to-morrow, Daffy, early"—Patty rose with a resolute air—"and you'll see the dust fly until there isn't a speck to be found in that whole living room, not even on top of the bookcase! Because under places and high-up places, you know, are exactly as important as places you can see, when you're learning to be a housekeeper."—*Edna P. Brett, in Youth's Companion.*

* * *

INFORMING READING FOR LONG-SUFFERING YOUTH

Mark as zero in juvenile reading those books which attempt to give beautiful education in homeopathic doses. They always contain the worst old bore of an uncle who appears to know a bit about everything. In a complete series, he will teach you, through the medium of his nephews, all the secrets of physics, chemistry, astronomy, and piano-playing, and he does it something like this:

Hardly had the children finished their supper when they scrambled into the fireplace, ready for the evening's conversation. Of course they did not forget to say, "Excuse me," and fold their napkins as they rose from the table.

"To-night," said Uncle Paul, at once, "I am going to tell you a strange thing. Now I wager you have been into the kitchen a dozen times in your life, yet little things escape you. Do you realize that we burn in the stove something that comes in hard, black, shiny lumps?"

"Is that true? Do we really? How funny!" cried John and Fred and any other children who happened to be around.

"What do we call it?" asked Fred.

"Coal," said Uncle Paul, "and to-morrow, directly after breakfast, we will all join hands and go out into the kitchen and see some of it."

"Goody, goody," cried the whole gang, and wrote the appointment down on their cuffs, and lay awake all night, waiting for breakfast.

"But what would you like to hear about to-night, children," said Uncle Paul, "the nebular hypothesis, or the Einstein theory?"

"Neither," cried the children, enthusiastically.

"Very good," congratulated Uncle Paul. "I see you are learning. So I will tell you of another strange thing that goes on all about you. It concerns a little fruit that grows underground. Every year strong men go out into the fields and dig them. And then what do you suppose happens? Women take them, with a sharp knife cut off the outer layer of skin, and then pop them into hot water, let them remain there for some time, and then with a curiously shaped instrument mash them into a moist white pulp."

"Impossible," cried John. "Thoroughly impossible!"

"Not at all," said Uncle Paul, coolly, "and right here I want to warn you. Never eat them while still in the boiling water, or before removed from the ground. I admire your anxiety to progress with experiments, for it is by experimenting that all knowledge comes, but you must take care."

"But Uncle Paul," asked John, "what is the name of this strange fruit with which one does such strange things told in the above paragraph by you?"

"The potato!" said Uncle Paul.

All the children fainted.

"Yes," continued Uncle Paul, after water (H-2O) had been thrown at them, "the common potato. You must learn about it. It is easily recognized. I told you in the last chapter about the spider. That has eight legs. I told you about the six-legged insect in my next to the last volume but one, page 128, but the potato has no legs, and you can recognize it thus."

"Oh, Uncle Paul," cried all the children, "when will you show us a potato?"

Uncle Paul rose and put away the apparatus with which he had demonstrated the difference in power between nitroglycerine and snuff. "I will show you a potato in Chapter Ten," he said, "at the same time I describe to you the capillary action, the influence of the *Spectator* on French literature, the rotation of the earth on its axis (which I shall do on page 184 with the aid of an orange and a hat-pin), and the reason why frogs grow from tadpoles, whereas the condors of the Andes Mountains (a range of South America, eleven volcanoes of which may be seen from the public square of Quito, the capital of Ecuador) never do. But now it's time for bed, and don't forget to clean the teeth with the motion described on page 67."—*Boston Transcript.*

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WHEN TASTES DIFFER

"The sun is bright and the air just right,
I know a meadow of daisies white.
Hurry, scurry, and get the doll!
We'll all go under one parasol.
There's never a day like a fair June day
For picking of daisies!" cried tireless Ray.

"The grass is green where the big trees lean,
And the hammock-cradle rocks slow between.
Let's pretend it's a sailing ship,
Roll into the cabin and take a trip.
There's never a day like a warm June day
For swinging and dreaming," said drowsy May.

What did they do? To tell you true,
I didn't tarry to hear it through,—
Whether they went or whether they stayed,
Or which was really the wiser maid.
But whichever chose the other one's way,
She chose the best on that bright June day!

Nancy Byrd Turner.

* * *

PERSUASION

Bishop K—— is a very large man. On one of his pastoral railway journeys he was told by the porter when he boarded the train about 9 p. m. that there were no more berths left.

"That is too bad," said the bishop. "I have a hard day ahead of me to-morrow, and am worn out. What time does the last man get on?"

"Between two and three, suh."

"Well, can't you give me his reservation? He may never get on, but if he does you must wake me, and I will make it right with him."

The sun was shining when the bishop was called. "Your man did not get on, after all," he said to the porter.

"Yes, sir, he did," was the reply.

"What did you do then?" the bishop asked.

"Why, boss, I just showed him your shoes and I sez: 'De man what wears dem shoes is sleepin' in your berth. If you wants to wake him you kin, but I ain't agwine to.' He is a-settin' in de day-coach."—*Harper's Magazine.*

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TRUE BUT MISLEADING

An American officer remarked to the manager of a Paris restaurant on the window of which was written the comprehensive claim, "*Ici on parle toutes les langues,*" "You must have a great many interpreters here."

"Not one," was the reply.

"Who, then, is it that speaks all the languages?"

"The customers, monsieur."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Young People's Christian Union

Conducted by Granville Hicks

THE PROGRAM LINES UP

The program for the thirty-sixth annual convention of the Y. P. C. U. is now nearly in shape. Arrangements have been made so that the week, July 12-20, combines the business of the convention with the educational features of an institute. Official sessions will come in the morning, classes will come in the morning and early afternoon, recreation will occupy the remainder of the afternoon, and the mass meetings will be held in the evening.

The convention will open with a get-together party on Saturday evening. On Sunday will come the church service with the keynote address by Dr. Lowe, and in the evening President Reamon will deliver his official address. On Monday the regular routine will begin. That evening a campfire on the beach will be the central attraction. The next evening a mass meeting, Wednesday evening a trip to Old Orchard, Thursday evening a mass meeting, Friday evening a circus, and Saturday evening a banquet will be the special events on the program. Sunday there will be a communion service, a service of silence, and a consecration service, in addition to the regular morning worship.

Classes this year will cover a variety of subjects. Mr. Reamon will lead a conference for state presidents and Mr. McKinstry a conference for local presidents. There will be classes in Junior Union work, led by Miss Edna Bruner and Miss Mary Slaughter. Mrs. Harriet B. Robinson, Dean of Women, is to give three lectures for young women on "Sex and Social Conduct." Miss Marion Griffith, Rev. Stanley Manning, and Dr. Pennoyer will also conduct classes. Miss Martha Getchell of Woonsocket, R. I., will have charge of recreation. Dr. Lowe and Dr. Atwood will be among the speakers, and Mr. Gustavus Leining will deliver the occasional sermon.

A Matter of Importance

That the Y. P. C. U. will have to decide upon far-reaching policies during the next convention has become a recognized fact. Unioners everywhere are discussing the issues to be raised there, and delegates are preparing to take an intelligent stand. Since many of the questions are highly complicated, it has been even more important than usual that full information should be supplied in the pages of *Onward*. Several recent articles have dealt with Ferry Beach problems, and in the issue of June 18 will appear three articles and two editorials bearing on this theme.

The single issue of most significance relates to the general policy of the Union with regard to a director or field worker. The Board of Trustees having voted to reduce very largely the appropriation for the Y. P. C. U., the question now has to be viewed in a new light. If the Unioners want a director, they will have to raise the money to pay his salary. That this will be difficult no one can doubt, but if it is really the will of the young people to have a director they can and they should produce the funds. The challenge of such an undertaking would be great. The result, if the Union were heart and soul behind the project, could not but be success.

On the other hand, there are some who question now, and who questioned before the action of the Board of Trustees, the wisdom of having a director. They look on the appointment of Stanley Manning at Ferry Beach five years ago as an emergency measure designed to build up the organization after the period of loss resulting from the war. Recognizing the full success of the enterprise, they feel that the time is now come for the Union to stand on its own feet. Not only do they believe that the money might be more wisely expended, but they also think that the Union would profit by the experience of independence.

Many arguments in favor of a director have been offered by those who believe that the policy of the last five years should be continued. They point to the success of Stanley Manning, and ask if his work should not go on. They refer to the need of isolated Unions which a director could visit, help, and encourage. They argue as well that the work of the organization can not be carried on efficiently without some person's devoting his full time to it. Finally, they believe that without a director the Union would lack prestige in the sight of the Church as a whole and of other organizations of the denomination.

Their case is a strong one. Certainly no one would question the worth of Mr. Manning's work, or would doubt the value of an officer who combines field and executive duties. It must be pointed out, however, that even a field worker can not visit isolated Unions very often, that most of his work must be done with those Unions which could be reached by state or general officers. Moreover, a consecrated executive board, chosen with this situation in mind, organized with the present needs in view, planned so as to divide responsibilities, could function satisfactorily, and any possible inefficiencies would be compensated for by the increase experience afforded the members. As f the suggestion of loss of prestige, if th respect of the denomination were not give the Union when it was making an hone attempt to run its own affairs, it woul not be worth having under any circum stances.

The intricacies of the problem w make it very difficult to solve at the co vention. Whether the Union votes have a director or not to have a directo it will be assuming new responsibilitie the responsibility of raising the money the first instance, the responsibility carrying on the work in the second. Eith enterprise will require the utmost dev tion of every member. All any of us c do is to strive to discover the wiser cours to uphold it to the best of our ability, an whether our policy is victorious or no to be united in our support of the Unio

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THE YOUNG PEOPLE AND OU SHRINES

Some people seem to be almost afra to have the young people interested those places which are dear to Universali hearts, but the young people will n let themselves be denied their denom national heritages. They have firm established themselves at Ferry Beac they have secured a foot-hold at Murra Grove, and they are well on the wa towards making the Clara Barton Hom the site of an annual pilgrimage.

On June 1 over a hundred Unione from Massachusetts and Rhode Island a sembled at All Souls Church, Worce ter, for morning service. Miss Ma Slaughter, a member of the state board the Y. P. C. U., as well as Dr. Huntley assistant, delivered the address. T party then proceeded to North Oxford an enjoyed lunch at the Barton place. the afternoon Miss Myrtle Belyea led devotional meeting.

As has been the case with smaller gat erings in the past, the outing was thoroug ly enjoyed. The Unioners felt the spir of the place, and shared in the memori associated with it. It is by means such events that the young people ca be led to take an active interest in th historic spots of Universalism and a ge eration raised which loves and appreciat the value of such shrines.

For the Quiet Hour

Let the wheel and anvil silent stand,
  Leave furrow, field and mart,
Give rest to weary head and hand
  And lift to heaven the heart.
Be life upborne by light and love
  As tides enlarge the sea:
Let grief and sin see God above
  And all men brothers be.

Henry Hiles.

The way seems too narrow only to tho whose feet have never entered it. Th gate seems too strait only to those wh do not know that God's commandmen are exceeding broad. Christ's law is gracious liberty. His service is a perfe freedom. His statutes become our son in the house of our pilgrimage.

W. M. Clow.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

Money-Raising at Ferry Beach. Yes, indeed! What would a convention be without an opportunity to have a share in the big task of paying the year's expenses? Attendants will wish to pledge for themselves and also for the schools. *By the way*, schools not to be represented are asked to notify us in advance about the amounts that they wish pledged in their behalf. Blue pledge cards have been sent to all and have been returned by some. *Now* is the time to "have a care to have a share."

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THE THIRD FLOOR BACK

The Board of Foreign Missions has chosen well. The Sojourner is intimately acquainted with Rev. H. M. Cary, Rev. Maude Lyon Cary, and the four Cary young folks, a delightful family group, who are to join our missionary colony in Japan. They are admirable and lovable people, cultured, consecrated, fit for their great task. They deserve and they will have the interest and support of our entire Church; which means that the Sunday schools, with other organizations, will share in wishing and praying and working for their success. The name of Mrs. Cary is especially familiar to the readers of this department as she has taught at many of our institutes and has taken field trips for the General Association.

. . . .

The humorist of *Harper's Magazine* had a bright idea and with it he made a hundred thousand people laugh. He wrote: 'The Sunday school teacher had on a lovely new frock which the children greatly admired. All of them expressed their approval of it except little Mary. Finally she remarked thoughtfully: 'We had to bring our pennies for lots and lots of Sundays before you could buy that dress, didn't we, teacher?'" After the laugh we often come to sober reflection and saner conduct. As a matter of fact, do the members of half our Sunday schools have any clear idea of the use made of their contributions? No, the children help to fill the mysterious envelopes that are passed around, but they get little training in regular and intelligent giving. Then we wonder that some of them spend their money for ice cream cones or chewing gum. Taxation without information is almost as execrable as taxation without representation. The reading of itemized bills at a Sunday school session would be ridiculous, but an occasional statement, brief and tactfully presented, will help the members to understand their partnership in the work that is being done.

. . . .

Two college students sat near me in a Cambridge restaurant. Their conversation was animated and loud—probably not intended to be private. "Self-denial and all such bunk," that phrase, repeatedly used, was characteristic of their entire talk. Probably they did not get it from their professors in just such words, but the ideas they undoubtedly did derive from men who ought to have known better. In such a world do we live and work. It is well for us to know just the situation in which we are placed. If we think that self-denial, after all, may be something better than mere "bunk" it behooves us to teach the Christian truth with all earnestness in our Sunday schools. If those two students had been properly instructed in their early years they would have had more sense. I wonder if we really have time to spend our lesson period in talking aimlessly about picnics, or clothes, or what "he said" and what "she said."

The Sojourner.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 411 Glen Echo Circle, Columbus, Ohio

CAMP LEADER FOR LAKE GENEVA

It is with much gratification that we are able to announce Miss Dorothy Karlan, 1060 Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill., as Camp Leader for the Conference at Lake Geneva, Wis. This should appeal to the young women and women of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Indiana and Illinois. Write to the above address for information. Success to the new leader.

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THE WOMAN'S UNIVERSALIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF MASSACHUSETTS

The Annual Convention of Massachusetts held in Attleboro, in May, compares favorably with its predecessors in attendance, interest, business, accomplishment and promise.

The program included the presentation of official and department reports, the Clara Barton Guilds, the Clara Barton birthplace, our Japan Mission.

The request of our W. N. M. A. for cooperation toward a Sinking Fund of $25,000 was most nobly answerd in pledges and payments of Mission Circles and individuals.

Previous to the Convention the State Board had pledged and paid $1,000. At the Convention, further evidence of loyalty and good-will manifested itself in an additional gift of $500. From Circles in pledges for one, two and three years came the generous response totaling about $4,000.

This, in view of double apportionments, levied and paid in full by a large majority of our Mission Circles, places the emphasis upon the intelligent consecration and generous sacrifice of our Massachusetts constituency, and may well energize other states to similar action.

With one or two changes in official representation, because of time-limit placed upon service, officers for the coming year were duly re-elected and new members were entered upon the State Board.

We gratefully record the names of those who made possible our well-worth-while program of enlightenment and uplift and challenge: Rev. Hazel I. Kirk, Miss Marion Whiting, Mrs. Grace L. Holden, speakers; Mrs. John Smith Lowe, Mrs. Hortense Razer-Hall, soloists; Mrs. Maude Leighton, director of music; Mrs. Florence Littlefield, organist. The pledging was ably conducted by Rev. Isabella S. Macduff. Thanks are due to all committees, whose services on that day contributed to the success of the session.

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FOR YOUR PROGRAM ON CHINA

We have just received two publications from Mrs. Cary for help with the study of China:

"Dramatic Suggestions," for the Study of Ming Kwong, 10 cents.

"Malea Wang," an Impersonation, 2 cents.

Send your order for these to the W. N. M. A. headquarters, 176 Newbury St., Boston.

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FROM INMAN'S CHAPEL

Miss Powell writes that three of the four Sunday school classes now have names. 1. The Class of the Morning Star (Juniors). 2. The Class of the Good Shepherd (Intermediates). 3. The Class of the Little Branches (Primaries). The Bible Class will soon be named.

"Mrs. Angie Markley of Maine has given valuable assistance in directing the singing for services and has started several girls in music, that we may have our own organist in time.

"On Feb. 6 at the hour of President Wilson's funeral, we at the Chapel put our flag at half mast and had a brief service. On Sunday evening, Feb. 10, we held a Wilson memorial service, using the exact text of the cathedral service in Washington. Our people were pleased because they could sing the hymn used in Washington, 'Day is dying in the West,' Mrs. Pinto taught them last summer."

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

PERSONALS

Rev. H. Elmer Peters of New York has been given a hearty invitation from the church in Brockton, Mass., to assume that pastorate, his work to begin on Sept. 7.

Services will be held each Sunday this summer in the new church of the Second Society in Boston, Dr. Stephen H. Roblin minister. Dr. Lowe will be the preacher on July 27. These services are under the auspices of the Massachusetts Convention.

One of the preachers in the services at our old, historic church in Oxford, Mass., this summer will be Rev. Frank L. Masseck of California. Mr. and Mrs. Masseck will visit Mrs. J. Harry Holden at the Clara Barton Birthplace in Oxford.

Connecticut

Bridgeport.—Rev. Charles Kramer, pastor. We had a fire in our church the Sunday after Easter, but when the blaze had died and the smoke cleared away the congregation arose and sang with great joy the Doxology. The occasion of our rejoicing was the fire, for it consumed $1,500 in mortgage notes and rid us of this encumbrance. The notes were received by the pastor, and the match applied by Mr. Henry Reid, the treasurer. There is a continued interest and growing attendance at our Sunday services, not alone on the part of our own people but very evident as to the number of newcomers. Our church, centrally located, is rapidly gaining distinction as a down-town church, and if the demolishing of down-town churches continues we shall soon be the only one. We have adopted the slogan: "The First Universalist Church in the heart of Bridgeport," and we intend to stay on the premises. At the present time two central churches are being removed, leaving the down-town section exclusively to the First Methodist and the First Universalist Churches.

Maine

Rumford.—Rev. Allen Brown, pastor. The Rev. E. H. Brewster, D. D., General Secretary of the Maine Sunday School Association, preached for us recently and Chaplain Maurice Reynolds of the United States Army assisted in the service. The Forum closed its year's work with a banquet. Mothers' Day was fittingly observed. The men of the parish gave a public supper at which they cleared a goodly sum. The Ladies' Aid will pay our quota to the state convention. Rev. Hazel I. Kirk spoke to us twice and was greatly enjoyed. The Sunday after Easter a cantata was sung in our church to a congregation of 270.

North Carolina

Kinston Circuit.—Rev. Dwight A. Ball, pastor. Congregations at Smith's Chapel and Pink Hill were the largest for many months when Mr. Ball was there last. The sermon was of Easter. At Pink Hill the people had heard the baccalaureate address to the consolidated school in the morning, the speaker being a noted professor from a great Methodist college. In the afternoon our Unitarian friends had a preacher, as they do occasionally. Our service came as usual at night, and though many of the people had already been to church twice they came in unusually good numbers and never were more attentive to the preacher's message. At Kinston Mrs. Ball was with the school for the morning and at night they gave "His Spirit Lives" to a well filled house. The Deep Run school continues to do fine work and to show both loyalty and talent. Our superintendent, Preston Harper, and his sister Mattie, both high school pupils, are teachers, as are Miss Martha Grady and Mrs. Clayton Grady. The devotion of these to the work is deserving of a fuller appreciation of all our people since the work is of necessity carried on in the one room of the home of the Misses Grady, and must be so till our friends realize the vital need of having a church edifice here. Our Christian Hill Church goes bravely on in spite of the fact that three of our devoted older people have died during the past year. There is here a goodly group of young people. Though not all affiliated with us they are very constant in their attendance at all our services. At the last regular visit the sermon was heard by one of the largest congregations ever seen here except on special occasions. After the last service at Woodington, one of the older residents remarked that not for years had she seen so large an attendance. At Greensboro the work goes on steadily, and recently with several encouraging items to hearten the local people. One thing is sure, if all churches were made up of those possessing the persistence and loyalty of those here who are putting the steady go into Greensboro this old North State would stay up among the leading Conventions of the denomination, not taking much time to arrive at that rank.

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SARGENT-MURRAY-GILMAN HOUSE

The coming season will see the work on the grounds and gardens of the Sargent-Murray-Gilman House in Gloucester, well under way. One building for which a satisfactory purchase could not be arranged still remains on one small corner of the grounds, but aside from the section thus occupied the work will be completed this summer.

During the past month Prof. Charles Sprague Sargent of the Arnold Arboretum of Boston generously sent a check for $2,500 and Winthrop Sargent of Philadelphia made a gift of $800, thus making possible the payment of the last mortgage on the original house.

On April 11 Mr. Winthrop Sargent, accompanied by Joseph E. Chandler, architect, of the firm of Putnam & Chandler of Boston, met with the committee at the house to plan the terracing. There will be a wall of pasture rock along the street with a recessed gateway surmounted by an iron fence and a wide garden of old-fashioned perennials. Then the terrace will be banked with a hedge along the upper part, the middle stretch being arranged as an old-fashioned garden and another bank sloping to the house level.

The plans are elaborate and will make a fitting setting for the old house. The estimated cost of the ground restoration is about $12,000, upon the completion of which Gloucester will have a show place of which no citizen need be ashamed. The committee are desirous of securing financial assistance from any who desire to help. A life membership costs only $50 and an active membership $2 per year. The title of the property rests in the Sargent-Murray-Gilman Association, incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts.

In addition to the above a very efficient committee of ladies under the chairmanship of Mrs. Charles S. Tappan, has been working and has secured about $2,600, with which to install heat and light in the house. The plans for the improvements are now in the hands of Mr. Chandler, the architect who has to pass on all matters in connection with the development of the restoration. Mr. Chandler is considered the foremost authority on colonial architecture in this country.

The contract for the grading, etc., has been placed with William W. Corliss of Corliss Bros. & Rogers, of Gloucester, and under his direction the work is rapidly proceeding. Winthrop Sargent has sent $2,250 and Mrs. Georgianna Sargent another check for the same amount, which is now being spent in the work.

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FERRY BEACH

In the June 7 issue of the *Universalist Leader*, in the Ferry Beach Notes, reference is made to the fact that Mrs. H. M. Cary would not have charge of the W. N. M. A. Institute. I believe that the reason for this change should be known. Mrs. Cary has given generously of her time and energy to the summer institutes in other years, even to the point of exhaustion. This year presents the duties of packing furniture and moving. Mr. and Mrs. Cary have accepted the call to Japan with the purpose of making it a life work. This vacation is to be the last in this country, so they appealed to the Board of Foreign

Missions to be exempt from institute work, which would come in the confusion of moving from their home in Little Falls. They plan to cross the continent by automobile, believing that this method of traveling will provide a restful vacation. They will be *en route* at the time of institutes. They will accept speaking engagements as can be arranged on the way westward.

Fred C. Leining,
Chairman Board of Foreign Missions.

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REV. HARLEY DAVIDSON MAXWELL

A service in memory of Rev. Harley D. Maxwell was held Sunday, June 1, at 4 p. m., in the First Universalist Church, Somerville, and was largely attended by those to whom he was a faithful minister for more than twenty years. It was a simple yet sincere tribute to one who gave his life for the cause which he loved. The musical service was rendered by Mr. Everett L. Lovering, who was organist of the church during the latter part of Mr. Maxwell's pastorate, and by Mrs. Florence E. Simpson, soloist, who sang "The Long Day Closes."

Four testimonials were given. His Honor John W. Webster, Mayor of Somerville, paid a splendid tribute to Mr. Maxwell as a citizen, in which he spoke of his large service to the community and of his deep interest in all worthy civic enterprises. Rev. William H. Dyas of the Grace Baptist Church spoke for the Ministerial Fellowship of the city and said Mr. Maxwell possessed and exemplified the finest spirit of magnanimity of any minister whom he had ever known. Rev. Lee S. McCollester, D. D., paid a fitting denominational tribute, noting the outstanding features of Mr. Maxwell's long pastorate—the marked scholarship and progressive spirit which made for exceptional preaching ability; his denominational loyalty, and faithfulness to local interests which resulted in the consecrated fellowship of the first society and its fine house of worship.

Mr. J. Frank Wellington spoke for the First Church as follows:

"Mr. Maxwell began his pastorate with us in 1899—a young man twenty-seven years of age, in the full vigor of youth—and by his earnestness and zeal he soon gained the confidence and regard of his parishioners. He instituted many reforms, all of which were to our advantage. He took an active interest in all our church organizations, and by his wise counsel did much to improve its work.

"Instrumental in organizing the Mission Circle, the good work it has since done reflects great credit to him.

"It was at his suggestion that the Woman's Union was formed, uniting in one governing body all the various women's organizations. The wisdom of this course was immediately shown by the increased interest taken in them.

"His greatest work, however, was accomplished during the latter part of his ministry with us. For several years it had been his ambition to build a new church home. Several alternatives were proposed, but he always remained steadfast to the desirability of a church in a new location. Nothing deterred him. He was firm in his own idea and belief that when once decided upon it would surely be accomplished. He had faith in his people and his people were true to him. His efforts were at last crowned with success, with the result that we have this beautiful edifice, which will be a monument to him.

"Mr. Maxwell was a student and deep thinker, which was evidenced by the scholarly, thoughtful sermons he always delivered. Fond of the poets, he frequently quoted in his sermons gems of thought from Emerson, Thoreau, Browning and others. I recall in the course of one of his sermons in which he was bespeaking charity to mankind, he read the following stanza from Browning:

" 'So he was made,
He no way made himself.'

It made a deep impression upon me at that time, as doubtless it did on all who heard it.

"In June, 1920, he delivered what afterwards proved to be his last sermon to his old parishioners. Within a short time he was stricken with the old complaint from which he had been a sufferer for many years. As soon as he became convalescent he went to his summer home in Monmouth, Me., to recuperate, and although he apparently recovered, he was never strong enough to take up his duties with us, and very reluctantly his resignation was accepted in the spring of 1922, so that his pastorate with us extended over a period of twenty-three years.

"On May 13 the sad word was received that he had passed to his eternal rest. Appropriate action was at once taken by the parish committee and a beautiful floral tribute was sent to the family.

" 'But in the fair dawn of a happier clime God willing, dear friend, we shall hail thee, Good morning.' "

Scripture selections were read by Rev. Alfred S. Cole of the Third Church and Rev. Elbert W. Whippen of the Winter Hill Church made the prayer. Rev. George E. Leighton, D. D., read a poem and pronounced the benediction.

* *

STUDENT FEDERATION OF RELIGIOUS LIBERALS

The Student Federation of Religious Liberals, which will hold its second annual conference at Mount Holyoke College, June 21-28, has just announced its final program. It follows the systematic plan of morning chapel, a forenoon lecture, round table discussion with student leaders and eminent men and women as counselors, a talk out-of-doors in the late afternoon, either a lecture or an entertainment in the evening, and a candlelight service on the pageant field to close the day. Athletics and sports will play a prominent part each afternoon, for which the college campus offers abundant opportunity, as well as the nearby mountains, Tom and Holyoke, with their alluring trails.

Comfortable quarters are assured for those attending, as the women are being assigned to Rockefeller Hall, the new dormitory opened last January, while the men will be in Mead Hall not far away. Student Alumnae Hall will be the social center for the conference.

The list of speakers includes the following named:

Hon. J. Weston Allen, Attorney-General of Massachusetts, 1920-1922.

Dean John Murray Atwood, D. D., St. Lawrence University.

Mrs. Richard C. Cabot, Cambridge, Mass.

Rev. Frank C. Doan, Ph. D., Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. Glenn Frank, editor of the *Century Magazine.*

Rev. James Gordon Gilkey, Springfield, Mass.

Rev. Frederick R. Griffin, D. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. John H. Melish, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rev. Palfrey Perkins, Weston, Mass.

Mr. Albert A. Pollard, Brookline, Mass.

Rev. Vivian T. Pomeroy, Milton, Mass.

Rev. Franklin C. Southworth, Meadville, Pa.

Rev. Harold E. B. Speight, Boston, Mass.

President Mary E. Woolley, Mount Holyoke College.

* *

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1924

Previously reported	1,673
Philadelphia, Pa., Restoration	5
Brookline, Mass.	3
Canton, N. Y.	1
Melrose, Mass.	4
Total	1,686

* *

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 186. Canton, N. Y., 3. Brookline, Mass., 6. Santa Paula, Cal., 7. Fairfield, Maine, 15. Total, 211.

* *

THE SEASON AT MURRAY GROVE

All prospects are bright for Murray Grove. The officers are announcing a program of unusual attractiveness, the opening to be on Saturday, July 12, and the closing on Monday, Sept. 1. Religious, educational and recreational programs have been planned in detail, so there is no danger of any dull and empty days. A new feature comes during the sixth week, which begins on August 17, a "Festival of Christ Crusade Sermons," which will be in charge of Dr. John Smith Lowe and in which many of the notable preachers of our Church will participate.

FAREWELL TO MR. AND MRS. CARY

That our people of Greater Boston and vicinity may have an opportunity of meeting Rev. and Mrs. H. M. Cary before they leave for Japan, a farewell service is to be held for them at the First Universalist Church, Thompson Sq., Charlestown, Sunday, June 15, at 7.30 p. m. It is the hope of the Board of Foreign Missions that many will be present to assure Mr. and Mrs. Cary of their interest in and support of the work they are to undertake.

* *

Notices

FERRY BEACH PARK ASSOCIATION

Annual Meeting

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the Ferry Beach Park Association will be held on Thursday afternoon, July 10, 1924, at 2 o'clock, in the parlor of the Quillen House.

Elmer D. Colcord, Secretary.

* *

CLARA BARTON BIRTHPLACE

The Clara Barton Memorial Committee is glad to announce that the Birthplace will be open to a limited number of paying guests, after the fifteenth of June. If you desire to be one of the fortunate ones to share the beauty and quiet of the lovely spot up on the hill, write Mrs. Grace L. Holden at the Clara Barton Birthplace, North Oxford, Mass., for date and terms.

There is also an opportunity for a group of young women to "camp out" for the summer in a few rooms attached to the house and yet distinct, at a reasonable rental.

* *

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

June 20-26. Ohio State Convention and Auxiliaries, Columbus.

June 23-26. Vermont and Province of Quebec, State Conventions and Auxiliaries, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

June 20-29. Southern Young People's Institute, Chattanooga, Tenn.

July 6-12. General Sunday School Association Convention and Institutes, Ferry Beach, Me.

July 12-20. Y. P. C. U. Convention, Ferry Beach, Me.

Sept. 22-24. Maine State Convention and Auxiliaries, Gardiner.

* *

Y. P. C. U. ANNUAL CONVENTION

Official Call

The thirty-sixth annual convention of the Young People's Christian Union of the Universalist Church (incorporated) will be held at Ferry Beach, Maine, beginning at 7.30 p. m., July 12, 1924.

This meeting is for the purpose of receiving reports and for the election of officers for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of any other business that may legally come before it.

Edgar T. Williams, Secretary.

* *

MURRAY GROVE ASSOCIATION

38th Annual Session July 12-Sept. 1

Preachers at the Sunday morning services are as follows:

July 13, Rev. Helene Ulrich.

July 20, Rev. Arthur W. Grose, D. D.

July 27, Rev. W. H. McGlauflin, D. D.

Aug. 3, Rev. George E. Huntley, D. D.

Aug. 10, Hon. Roger S. Galer.

Aug. 17, Memorial Sunday, Rev. L. Ward Brigham, D. D., and Rev. Frank Oliver Hall, D. D. Memorial service 2. 30 p. m.

Aug. 14, Rev. Francis A. Gray, D. D.

Aug. 31, Rev. Hal T. Kearns.

Mornings of the week beginning July 28 will be devoted to the Women's Missionary Institute. Faculty, Mrs. Ethel M. Allen and Rev. Hazel I. Kirk.

Week beginning Aug. 4, Sunday School Institute. Faculty, Dr. George E. Huntley, Hon. Roger S. Galer, Rev. Laura Bowman Galer, Mrs. Nellie E. Friend, Rev. Hazel I. Kirk.

The annual meeting will be held Aug. 14.

The annual Fair will be held Aug. 15 and 16, afternoon and evening.

The week of Aug. 17 will be devoted to general denominational matters, in charge of Dr. John S. Lowe, with speakers at the morning sessions as follows:

Monday, Rev. Harold Marshall, D. D., Rev. A. W. Grose, D. D. Tuesday, Rev. James F. Albion, D. D., Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D. Wednesday, Rev. Charles H. Pennoyer, Rev. William Wallace Rose. Thursday, Rev. Roger F. Etz, Rev. Frank D. Adams, D. D.

The Y. P. C. U. Institute will be held the last week with "Jubilee" Labor Day.

There will be ample opportunity for rest and recreation, with tennis, croquet, bathing and sailing.

Resident pastor, Rev. Helene Ulrich.

Applications for rooms should be addressed to Mrs. Edgar W. Knights, 150 Stuben St., Brooklyn, N. Y. After July 10, Murray Grove House, Forked River, N. J.

* *

GENERAL SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

Official Call

The twelfth annual convention of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church will be held at Ferry Beach, Maine, on July 9, 10, and 11, 1924, for the transaction of any business that may legally come before it. Important policies for the coming year are to be determined. In connection with the convention an institute is to be held from July 6 to July 12, and there will be lectures and entertainments throughout the week.

Carl A. Hempel, Secretary.

* *

FERRY BEACHERS AND FRIENDS

Stop! Look! Read!

Twelfth Annual Sale of the Ferry Beach Park Ladies' Aid July 8.

Useful and fancy articles solicited.

Address after July 1,

Martha J. Marshall,
Saco, Maine

Ferry Beach Park.

* *

Obituary

Mrs. Ernest J. Bowden

Mrs. E. J. Bowden, wife of the pastor of the Atlanta, Georgia, church, died on Tuesday, May 13, from pneumonia. She had greatly endeavod herself to the church membership during the short time of her residence in Atlanta, by her simplicity, sincerity, and strength of character, and buoyant sunny disposition, and in spite of frail health was most active in every branch of the church's work. She will be greatly missed.

Susan Cotton Morris

Mrs. Morris died in Chicago, April 30, 1924. She was the widow of the late John Morris, and the mother of Hon. Henry Morris of our Japan Board, and of Mrs. Robert Catherwood, who, with her husband and two sons, lives at Ambia, Ind.

Mrs. Morris was born in Annapolis, Md., Aug. 28, 1835. She was a daughter of the best society of the old South, and one of that coterie of young women which made that section famous as the best social attainment of America in those old days.

All her people were loyal Southerners before and during the Civil War, and like most of their compatriots saw their great estates despoiled and themselves reduced to comparative poverty.

A brother of Mrs. Morris, a lad of only sixteen, was once arrested as a rebel spy and sentenced to be shot. She went in person to see Abraham Lincoln, and as he heard from her the facts, he pardoned her brother.

As the war ended this woman, brought up in luxury, bravely faced the future, and went into hospital service. Here she met, and later married, John Morris. Mr. Morris was an army surgeon holding a responsible place, and after their marriage he lived in Chicago and practised medicine for a time. His heart was in the law, however, and he became successful in that as his new profession. John Morris was the son of a strong Universalist pioneer, who about 1834 had settled in the Western Reserve in Ohio, and joined the church of Rev. Mr. Wilson.

While Mrs. Morris was born and reared an ardent Episcopalian, after her marriage she and her husband were strong working members of the church of Dr. Ryder in Chicago. Mrs. Morris long survived her generation and, excepting her two children, had seen all she had known and loved precede her to the heavenly world.

The funeral service was conducted by Dr. Fisher May 2, 1924.

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July 23R

Crackling

A clerk in a retail store stayed out so late that he felt compelled to snatch naps during store hours. Being a relative of a member of the firm was all that kept him from being fired. The manager, finally becoming exasperated, remarked to his assistant that he had tried the clerk in five different departments, and in each he had snored contentedly in the face of customers.

The assistant put his wits to work. The next day the lethargic clerk found himself in the pajama department, and on the counter before him was a sign which read, "Our pajamas are of such superior quality that even the man who sells them can't keep awake."—*Harper's Magazine.*

* *

The following, relayed by Dr. Bernstein, editor of *Dos Yiddische Volk*, thus far wins the 1924 Grand Prize:

It was *Tisha b'Av*, and in the midst of the lamentations, a young Jew who had been markedly successful in recent real estate speculations, turned to his neighbor and asked: "Why all the weeping and carrying on?"

"Why, it's *Tisha b'Av*, the anniversary of the destruction of the Temple," the other answered with impatience.

"Yes, yes, I know," answered the former, "the destruction of the Temple, but I don't understand all the weeping. Isn't the lot worth something?"—*The Jewish Tribune.*

* *

A Defending Counsel: "You say that the fence is eight feet high and that you were standing on the ground—not mounted on a ladder or anything?"

Witness: "I do."

Counsel (triumphantly): "Then perhaps you will kindly explain how you, a man little over five feet, could see over a fence eight feet high and watch the prisoner's action!"

Witness (calmly): "There's a hole in the fence."—*Chicago Tribune.*

* *

Young Gizap: "There goes Mrs. Lastword. They say every cent her husband makes she puts on her back."

Old Pfogie: "Poor fellow! He must have been out of work when that gown was made."—*Exchange.*

* *

Will sacrifice going hardware store for funeral expense; owner died; can be seen between 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. Call E505 5th Ave.—*Spolesman Review (Spokane, Wash.).*

* *

WANTED—Work in a Christian home by October 16 for myself and horse. William Brown, Boonville, Rout 2.—*Classified ad in the Boonville (N. Y.) Herald.*

* *

Some people keep right on buying beefsteak when they haven't a saxophone in the house.—*Elizabeth Journal.*

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Universalist Publishing House announces for publication in the autumn

Rediscovered Countries

by

Frank Durward Adams

The chapters of this book are as follows: The Rediscovery of the Bible, The Rediscovery of Jesus, The Rediscovery of Jesus' Method, The Rediscovery of God, The Rediscovery of Hell, The Rediscovery of Forgiveness, The Rediscovery of the Atonement, The Rediscovery of An Ancient Concept, The Rediscovery of Heaven, The Rediscovery of Eternity.

Dr. Frank Adams, long at Elgin, Ill., is now minister of the Church of Our Father at Detroit, Mich. He is State Chaplain of the American Legion of Illinois and was a captain in the National Army during the War. He takes a commanding place to-day as a leader in peace and reconstruction.

Seeing Straight in the Sunday School

The Obserations of Uncle Hezekiah

By George Ezra Huntley

In Uncle Hezekiah Harbinger, Dr. Huntley has created a new and wholly delightful character whose shrewd pithy counsels will bring hope and inspiration to Sunday school workers everywhere. Originally published in the Sunday School Helper.

I want to express to you my very great appreciation of your "Seeing Straight." In sentiment, form and language, it is a fine addition to our Sunday school literature. More power to you! Keep right on!—*Rev. R. J. Mooney, D. D., President Maine Universalist Sunday School Association.*

These are remarkable sketches, vivid, apt to the hour, inspiring to the workers in our schools. It was hard to part with the good man when he "finished his course." We feel assured that his dear old soul will go "marching on" in the memories of many a busy worker.—*Rev. John Coleman Adams, D. D., Editor Sunday School Helper.*

In "The Uncle Hezekiah Stories," Dr. George E. Huntley has made a most unique, interesting and practical contribution to the literature of Religious Education. He has brought to bear his own broad experience and wide observation, combined with a novel method of presentation. Officers and teachers will read with interest and profit.—*Robert C. Parker, Chairman Northfield Conference on Religious Education.*

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